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\*. In order to make room for the following Communication from Africa, we are obliged to abridge not only our Review, but our usual miscellaneous matter, in the present Number. We trust, however, that in this curious paper will be found ample compensation. The savage Hottentot Council is not, after all, very widely different in tone and sentiment from a similar assemblage in ancient Greece (not to speak it profanely;) and the account of the War reminds us strongly of the first battles in which the New World was conquered.

## INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

*Introduction.*—The following is the substance of a "Pietshon," or General Assembly, held at New Lattakoo on the 14th June 1823, convened on account of the approach of the Mantatees, a savage and powerful nation which had destroyed and laid waste upwards of thirty tribes. The result of this Meeting was, that war was formally proclaimed against the invaders, and thanks given to Mr. Moffat, the Missionary, for his ready assistance in requesting the Griquas (a tribe between the Colony and Lattakoo) to unite with the Bechuanas of New Lattakoo against this formidable people. Messrs. Moffat and Hamilton, of the London Missionary Society, with Mr. G. Thompson, were the only Europeans that witnessed the proceedings of the day. Mr. Thompson received notes of the Meeting through the assistance of Mr. Moffat and the Bechuana that accompanied Mr. Thompson from Griqualand, where he had picked up a little Dutch.

## PIETSHOU, OR GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The morning of this great day was ushered in by the war-whoop of thousands of warriors, joined by the discordant cries and clamours of the women and children. The warriors dispersed themselves in the vicinity of the town in parties for a short time; and appeared to debate the topics of the day. At ten o'clock the whole population advanced to the centre of the town to a large kraal used for the purpose, accompanying their march with the war-song and dance; some showing off their dexterity in sham-fighting, in which they excel in a high degree. The warriors on this grand occasion were armed with hassigals, a shield, a quiver full of poisoned arrows, and a battle-axe; from the shoulder hung the tails of tigers, and a plume of feathers waved on their heads. The kraal they assembled in was a circle about 150 yards in diameter, on one side of which were seated the warriors, and on the other the old men, women, and children. In the middle was an open space for the privileged\* to dance and sing, which continued half an hour with all the fantastic gestures imagination can conceive, joined with the clamours of the applauding fair ones; when

Matebe (the king) being in the centre of the warriors, stood up, and commenced the discussion by commanding silence, which was answered by a deep groan from the mass of warriors, in token of attention. He then took a spear from his shield, pointing towards the Mantatees (the invaders,) denounced a curse declaring war, which was answered in a way of approval by a whistling noise from the whole of the warriors. He then pointed the spear towards the South and South-west, denouncing a curse against the Ox-eaters (Bushmen) in that quarter. He returned the spear to its place, and spoke as follows: "Ye sons of Mallahawan,† the Mantatees are a strong

and a conquering people; they have destroyed many nations,—they are coming to destroy us. Moffat‡ has informed us respecting their manners, their deeds, their weapons, their intentions. By Moffat we see our danger. We Bechuanas, or Matclapees, Matclaroos, and Myrees,§ are not able to stand against the Mantatees. The Griquas have been informed by Moffat on horse-back. He held a meeting there—they are coming—they will unite with us against the Mantatees. We must now concert, conclude, and be determined to stand. The case is a great one. You have seen the interest Moffat has taken in our safety. If we follow his example, the Mantatees cannot come a step further. You all see that the Maccocoas¶ are our friends. You see Thompson, a chief man of the Cape, come to see us on horse-back. He has not come to lurk behind our house as a spy, but come openly and with confidence. His intentions are good; he is one on whom the light of day may shine: he is our friend. I now wait to hear what the general opinion is; let every one speak his mind, and then I shall speak again." He concluded by using his spear as at the commencement; he also pointed his spear into the air, (when all called out "Poela" \* denoting a blessing,) and sat down amid great applause.

Mochame, after the usual manoeuvres introductory to each speech, spoke as follows: "To-day we are called upon to oppose an enemy, who is an enemy to every one. Moffat has been within a short distance of the camp of the Mantatees. We all opposed Moffat's journey; we are to-day all glad that he went. He did well not to listen to us; he has warned us and the Griquas. What are we now to do? If we fly, they will overtake us; if we fight, they will conquer: they are a strong lion; they kill and eat—they leave nothing. [Here an old man interrupted the speaker, begging him to roar aloud, that all might hear.] I know ye, ye Matclapees, (continued Mochame,) that at home and in the face of the women ye are men, and women in the face of the enemy. Ye are ready to run when you should stand and strike; think, therefore, think and prepare your hearts this day; let them be united in one; make your hearts hard." After using the spear as before, he sat down, and the war song continued for a short time.

Ranyouce exhorted the Matclapees to stand fast in the present alarming crisis; not to be bold, boasting in the presence of women, making them believe that they were mighty men. "Keep your boasting (said he) till the day when it shall be required."

Incha, a Buralong, stood up, and recommended the Matclapees to wait till the Mantatees should arrive, and then attack them. He had scarcely finished the period, when

Isate, a young chief, stood up, and answered, "No, No!" and interrogated as follows: "Who called upon you to speak foolish-

ness? Was there ever a king or chief of the Matclapees who said you must stand up and speak? Do you intend to instruct the sons of Mallahawan? Be silent. You say you know the men, and yet you wish us to wait till they have entered our town! We are not gods, we are men only, and the Mantatees are conquerors; and if we must fly, we lose all. Hear, and I will speak! Let us attack the enemy where they are; if we retreat, there will be time for those who are in the rear to fly. We may fight and fly, fight and fly, fight, and at last conquer. This we cannot do if we wait till they approach our town." The speaker whom the young man addressed sat down and spoke no more, while Isate was loudly cheered. He remarked that some one had charged his people with being guilty of deserting in the time of war. He wished that the one who asserted such falsehood would appear.

Teysho\* stood up and commanded silence, when universal applause was manifested. A man of years ran towards Teysho in a furious manner, and holding out his arm towards him, said, "Behold the man who shall speak wisdom; be silent, be instructed; a man, a wise man, has stood up to speak." Teysho introduced his address by informing the preceding speaker that he was the man who had asserted that his people were deserters. When commandos were called out. "Ye vagabonds, ye deceivers, deny the charge if you can. Shall I enumerate instances to prove the fact? If I do, you scamper away like frightened dogs; like one ashamed you will sit with your heads between your knees.†" Addressing all present, he said, "I do not intend to speak this day—I shall wait till the day of turning out. I entreat you all to prepare your hearts for what is before you; let the subject sink deep in your hearts, that you may not turn your backs in the day of battle. You have been informed of the battles the Mantatees have fought, the nations they have driven—you have heard that they are now at ease. You are calculating on the Griquas, with their horses and muskets. I say again, prepare your hearts—be strong—be determined, or the Mantatees will drive us, and we shall perish!" Turning to the king,‡ he said, "You are too indifferent about the concerns of your nation—you are rolled up in apathy; you are now called upon to show us that you are a king and a man."

Bromella rose, and stated, that his standing up was only to make good what had been urged, and added a few remarks.

Dileloqua, a chief considerably advanced in years, rose and spoke to the following effect: "Ye sons of Mallahawan, ye have now had experience enough to convince you that it is

\* Teysho is considered one of the best orators, — the Pitt of the day.

† This refers to the time of war: when the pursued sees no chance of escaping, he sits down and holds his head between his knees, when the war-axe severs it from his body.

‡ Matebe is naturally of an easy disposition, which makes the charge just.

\* Those who have killed an enemy in battle.

† The father of Matebe, the late king.

‡ Mr. Moffat, missionary at New Lattakoo, who had taken great pains to gain information. § Different tribes under Matebe. ¶ Civilized, or White People. \* Rain.

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your duty to proceed against the Mantatees, a people who have no object but to steal and destroy. Ye sons of Mallahawan! Ye sons of Mallahawan! ye have done well this day; you are now acting wisely, first to deliberate and then to proceed. Moffat has discovered our danger, like the rising sun after a dark night. A man sees the danger he was in when darkness shut his eyes. We must not act like Bechuanaas, we must act like Maccocoas. Is this our Pietshou? No! this is the Pietshou of Moffat; therefore we must speak and act like Maccocoas. Moffat has gone with a great speed to the Griquas, and held a meeting with Chief Melville and the Griqua chiefs. The Griquas are coming with haste to unite with us against the Mantatees. My fathers, my brethren, my sons! let us prepare our hearts, that shame may not hurt us. You have all heard Teysho speak, you have all heard what is expected from you; if all be true that is stated by Moffat, we have cause to fear, and be in readiness to defend our towns, our families, and our properties. No one must attempt to make excuses;—let them be detained who intend to escape. All must be silent—we must all be one. This is a great Pietshou, therefore make your hearts hard and great, O ye sons of Mallahawan!

*Monqua* called the attention of the Pietshou to the speeches already made. He inadvertently on the conduct of those who professed great things but did little; that they must show by actions, and not by words, that they were men.

*Semeco* (the tenth and last speaker) stated that the object of the meeting had been fully discussed. He said, "None can be ignorant of these discussions—none can say, 'I have not heard them.' I only stand up to approve and give my sanction to what has been said." After the usual gestures, sham-fights, &c. Matteebe took his central stand, and commanded silence. His object in this concluding speech was to approve or condemn what had been advanced in the preceding speeches. Alluding to some remarks which had been made, he said, "It is evident that the best plan is to proceed against the enemy, that they come no nearer. Let not our towns be the seat of war; let not our houses be the scene of bloodshed and destruction. No! let the blood of the enemy be spilt at a distance from our wives and our children. How ignorant you are! Are your words not the words of children, and men confounded? I am left alone; my two brothers have abandoned me; they have married wives of another nation, and allow their wives to govern them. These wives are their kings." Turning to his other younger brothers, he invoked a curse to descend if they should follow the example of the two elder brothers. "You walk over my head (addressing all) when I sleep; but you see that the Maccocoas are my friends. If they were not our friends, we must have fled before this time." Turning to *Dleeloqua* (the eighth speaker,) he said, "I hear you, my Father—I understand you, my Father—I understand you, my Father. Your words are true—they are good for the ear. It is good that we be instructed by the Maccocoas. I wish those evil who will not obey; I wish that they may be broken in pieces. Be silent, ye women (addressing them) who ill use your husbands by stealing their property and giving it to another. Be silent, that your husbands and children be not hindered by your evil

words. Be silent, ye Kidney-eaters\* (turning towards the old men,) who are of no other use but to hang about for kidneys when an ox, &c. is killed. If the oxen are taken, where shall you get your kidneys? There are many of you who do not deserve to eat out of a bowl, but only out of an old broken pot. You stupid and disobedient, think on what has been said, and obey without grumbling. I command ye, ye chiefs of the Matelapees, Matlaroos, Myrees, Buralongs, and Baconas, that you acquaint all your tribes of the proceedings of this day, and let none be ignorant. I say again, ye warriors, prepare for the day of battle; let your shields be strong, your quivers full of arrows, and your battle-axes as sharp as hunger." Turning a second time to the women and old men, he said, "Prevent not the warrior from going out to battle by your cunning and timid insinuations.—No! rouse the warrior to glory, and he will return with honourable scars; fresh marks of valour will cover his thigh,† and we shall then renew the war-song and dance, and relate the story of our campaign." Immediately on the conclusion a general war-dance and song commenced, which was kept up with more of barbarous mirth and savage gestures than language can depict.

#### THE INVASION.

*Letter from Mr. Moffat to his Parents.*

Griqua Town, 23d July, 1823.

On the 10th of June, when at this station, I added a few lines to inform you that our situation was likely to become a critical one, from the invasion of a foreign enemy, who were conquering and ransacking every Bechuana town, and driving the inhabitants with terror to the most sequestered parts of the country. I now sit down to give an account of my journey into the interior, with the savage battle which took place at Old Lattakoo, of which I was an eye-witness, on the 26th ult.

From Griqua Town I went to New Lattakoo, in two days (130 miles), accompanied by a Mr. George Thompson, an English gentleman of the Cape. The result of my visit to Griqua Town being communicated to Matteebe, a public meeting was held, to the great satisfaction of our English friend, to whom I gave notes of the *Pietshou*. On the evening of the 20th, authentic accounts having reached us (per Mr. Thompson) that the enemy on that day had made their entrance into Old Lattakoo, we spent the night in packing up and burying various articles, at the same time filled with anxiety lest the invaders should hasten their approach. On the 22d, the commando of Griquas, amounting to near 100 horsemen, arrived, and Mr. Thompson set off for the Cape next morning. Having frequently heard that there were white people among the invaders, and that they wished to visit white people, it was the general opinion that my presence might have some influence in bringing about a treaty, and preventing any rash measures on the part of the Griquas, who are; it must be confessed, but too barbarous.—As the object of my present communication is a recital of facts, I shall here begin with some extracts from my journal.

24th, Tuesday.—This morning we all set off at 9 a. m. and halted at the Maquareen

\* No one, either man or woman, will eat kidneys, from a conviction that they will become barren if they do. The aged only eat them.

† Every warrior receives a cut on his thigh for an enemy killed in battle.

river. After dark, 13 scouts, including myself and Andries Waterboer, the Griqua chief, mounted our horses, rode four hours, and halted among some trees till morning.

25th.—Before sunrise we commended ourselves to the direction and care of God, and proceeded with all speed. At 10 a. m. we came within sight of the enemy, who were lying in a declivity north of where the town formerly stood, and south of where it now stands. The chief and I rode up to a young woman, whom we saw in one of the ravines; I put a few questions to her in the Bechuana language, to which she replied, that they had come from a distant country, but could give us no information as to the object of this people. We then came within two musket shots of their town, or rather the spot of ground on which they were living. We found here, under the shadow of a small rock, a man of years and his son, the latter without the least signs of animation, and the father scarcely able to say that they were dying from hunger. He begged meat, and a piece was given. We could only learn from this object of pity, that the people to whom he belonged were the common enemy so much dreaded. We stood now for nearly half an hour, with the horses' bridles in our hands, to convince the enemy, who were in confusion, that we were not alarmed, nor intended to alarm them; and meanwhile sent off one of our number to inform the commando, about twenty miles distant. While we were yet standing, all the cattle were collected, and hidden in the midst of the multitude. A few single men, armed, rushed towards us, but as they saw we took scarcely any notice, they instantly retreated. After consulting together, we remounted our horses, and approached the immense black group who were enclosing the cattle. Our plan was, to ride within a hundred yards, when I, with another of our number, should approach unarmed towards them, and request two or three of their men to come and speak with us. In this we were defeated, for we had just halted within the appointed distance, when they broke out in a hideous yell (probably like the Indian war-whoop,) which stunned our ears, and I first called out, "Be upon your guard, they are preparing to attack;" when the armed men rushed on us in a most furious manner. They threw their weapons with great velocity, and one of our men narrowly escaped, being knocked from his horse. We quickly retreated only a few hundred yards, and stood astonished at their savage barbarity. We were now completely at a loss to know what plan to take, as the only one, to procure an interview, had been frustrated. Retiring to a declivity opposite the enemy, we unsaddled our horses, shot two wild turkeys, which we prepared for dinner by burying them in the warm ashes. Here we halted, hoping to excite some familiarity, and wait the return of the messenger we had sent to the commando; but not an individual of the enemy approached us. At sunset the messenger arrived, when it appeared necessary that I should immediately go back to make up some differences of opinion among them, leaving Waterboer and the chief behind to watch the motions of the enemy. I reached the commando about nine p. m., and had some further conversation, with Melville, on additional means to bring the enemy to terms of peace, and prevent the dreadful effects of a battle.

26th, Thursday.—We all saddled our horses and proceeded before daylight, and came



within sight of the enemy a little after sunrise. As we had agreed, we all rode up to about 150 yards opposite, when they commenced their howl and threw out their right and left wings, discharging from their hands some of their savage weapons. Their black, dismal appearance and savage fury were calculated to daunt, and the Griquas on the first attack wisely retreated a few yards and again drew up. Waterboer commenced firing, and levelled one of their warriors to the ground; several more shared the same fate, when the wings retired with their shields on their backs, crouching as the muskets were discharged. According to the plan the firing was slow, but extremely regular from a most irregular and undisciplined corps. It was expected that the enemy's courage would be daunted when they saw many of their warriors levelled by an invisible weapon. It was hoped this would prevent farther bloodshed, by either terrifying or humbling them. Sufficient intervals were afforded them to make proposals, but all was ineffectual. They sallied forth with renewed vigour, so as to oblige the Griquas to retreat, though only to a short distance, for the enemy never attempted to pursue above 200 yards from the cattle. The firing (of course without my order) was very destructive, every one taking a steady aim. Though many chiefs fell victims to their temerity, their followers nevertheless manifested an undaunted spirit, wildly treading over the bodies of their slain companions. Ammunition being scarce, it was resolved to endeavour to draw the oxen out by means of the horsemen retreating, and then galloping in between them and the main body, which was at once effected, and many fell. It appeared evident that many women, &c. were killed; and in order to prevent an indiscriminate slaughter, a bold attempt was made to take the cattle, (which they seemed to hold dearer than life itself,) hoping the men would pursue; but they took care to shun this, and kept so constantly mingling with the women, as rendered it extremely difficult to avoid shooting the latter. A little after the battle commenced, the Bechuana came up and united in playing upon them with their poisoned arrows; but a very few of the enemy made them take to their heels, and it seemed evident that twenty could have put a thousand of the Bechuana to flight. After two hours and a half combat, the Griquas began to storm, when the enemy gave way, taking a westerly direction, which the horsemen intercepted. On their turning round, they seemed desperate, but were soon repulsed with considerable slaughter. Great confusion existed at this moment, the descent being very stony, which rendered it difficult to manage the horses. The enemy then directed their course toward the town, which was in possession of a tribe of the same people, still more numerous. After both parties came together, they set fire to the town, and appeared to be taking their departure, proceeding in an immense body northward. After they were quite clear of the town, and we going slowly through the passes, they threw out their right and left wings, apparently with the hope of enclosing us among the houses which were then bursting into flames. Whatever might be their intentions, they were soon frustrated. While under the lee of the head, and the clouds of smoke rolling over our heads, and the dust arising from the confusion before, rendered the scene very striking. The Griquas continued to pursue them to about eight miles east of the town, and, though daring,

seemed filled with terror at the enemies with whom they had been fighting. But, to resume: As soon as the enemy retired from the station, the Bechuana, like voracious wolves, began to dispatch the wounded men, and butcher the women and children. As fighting was not my province, I of course avoided discharging a single shot. The only place of safety was to mingle with the commando; but seeing the Bechuana killing the inoffensive women and children, severing the heads from the bodies for the sake of a few paltry ornaments, I turned my attention to these objects of pity, who were flying in consternation in all directions. It was truly affecting to behold mothers and infants rolled in blood, and the living infant in the arms of a dead mother. All ages and sexes lay prostrate on the ground. Shortly after they began to retreat, the women, seeing that mercy was shown them, instead of flying, generally sat down, baring their bosoms, exclaiming, "I am a woman; I am a woman." It seemed impossible for the men to yield. There were several instances of wounded men being surrounded by fifty Bechuana, but it was not till life was extinct that a single warrior was conquered. I saw more than one instance of a man fighting boldly with ten or twelve spears and a number of arrows fixed in his body! Though the noise was great, yet the wounded and dying did not manifest those marks of sensibility which their situation was calculated to draw forth. The cries of infants who had fallen from their mothers, fled or slain, were distinctly heard; but all the others seemed regardless of their woful situation. Several times I narrowly escaped the spears and war-axes of the wounded, while I was busy rescuing the women and children. Men struggling with death would raise themselves from the ground, and throw their weapons at any one of our numbers within their reach. Their hostile and revengeful spirit seemed only to cease when life was extinct: instead of laying down their arms and suing for life, some actually fought on their knees, their legs being broken. The whole course which the enemy took was thickly strewn with carcasses, victuals, utensils, ornaments, and weapons, which the Bechuana easily gathered up. Not one of our number was killed, and only one slightly wounded. One Bechuana lost his life probably from too much boldness in plunder. The slain of the enemy were about four or five hundred. This barbarous people are extremely numerous, both sexes amounting to nearly 40,000. The men are tall and robust, perfectly black, being smeared with charcoal and grease. Their features resemble the Bechuana, which, except the thick lips, are like those of the Europeans; and their real colour is much darker. Their dress consists of prepared hides, hanging double over their shoulders; and the lower dress of the women is much inferior to that of the Bechuana. The men during the engagement were naked, except a small skin about the middle, and on their heads a round cockade of black ostrich feathers. Their ornaments are large copper rings, sometimes eight in number round their necks, with numerous arm, leg, and ear rings of the same material. They have porcelain, iron, and copper beads, and some of the men wear large ear plates. Their weapons are spears, war axes, and clubs. In many of the knob sticks are irons fastened like a sickle, but more curved, sometimes to

a circle, and sharp on the outside. Their riches seem to consist in their ornaments and cattle; but they have neither sheep nor goats. Their language appears to be only another dialect of the Bechuana, so much so, that I understood them nearly as well as the people among whom we live. On the whole, they are much more barbarous than the tribes in this quarter; being rude and savage in the extreme. Most of them seem to be suffering from want, so that in the heat of the battle the poorer class seized on pieces of meat, and with the utmost avidity devoured it raw. Near the close of the engagement, when Mr. Melville and myself were collecting the women and children, to take them to a place of safety, it was with the utmost difficulty we could get them along. They willingly followed till they fell in with a piece of meat, when nearly all halted to tear and devour: threatenings and entreaties were alike ineffectual, and we were obliged to leave many behind. About four p. m. many of the prisoners were extremely weak, and the Griquas in general manifested the utmost indifference towards collecting them, or assisting the wounded. The cattle, upwards of 1000, which had been taken, were the objects of their solicitude and care. The trouble of bringing on the women and children was left to Mr. M. and myself, with a couple of Griquas.

27th.—As my presence was no more required, I departed on horseback, and arrived at the Kuneman at 6 p. m. Journeying alone, the scenes of the preceding day were strongly impressed on my mind. Considerable mystery seemed to involve the whole—that such a numerous nation should cut their way through near half the continent of South Africa, having conquered and driven very many populous and powerful nations, professing to have no other object but to steal and destroy. Nothing seemed to withstand them but horses and guns. Every tribe through which they passed have felt the effects of their barbarity. The Myres of Nokunning and Old Lattakoo forsook their towns, which were afterwards ransacked and burnt by the enemy; and the prisoners informed us, that on the morning of the attack they were preparing to set off for the Kuneman! Had the Griquas been two days later, we must have made a precipitate flight, with loss of property and probably of lives. What the All-wise disposer of events will effect, we must "stand still and see;" but it seems remarkable that the Matclapees, on the Kuneman river, are as yet the only people who have escaped the scourge. They are now most thankful to the Missionaries for the interest they have taken in their welfare; and probably the present deliverance may lead them more than ever to deprecate our leaving them, and increase their respect and affection for their civilized friends. It must, however, be remarked here, that for some time previous to the above event, they were become much more friendly, so that when tidings arrived that the enemy were at hand, the chief people of the town hastened to our houses "like the Jews to the temple of old." The commando having returned, and the enemy having shortly after taken Muhamopoto's (king of Nokunning) cattle, wives, &c., determined on attacking the Kuneman, or New Lattakoo; and from reports that a still more numerous enemy were approaching Griqua Town from the east; we thought it advisable to leave New Latta-



koo, which all the Bechnamas deeply regretted. Since our arrival here, it appears that the enemy to the east are very distant, or gone back. Waterboer's commando will soon resume the attack on those at Nokunning, if they are not gone of their own accord. Since we came here, Mr. Hodgson arrived; and having discovered the danger, is gone back to bring away his fellow-labourer. They are settled at a small tribe of Borolung, governed by Subonell. Your affectionate Son,

(Signed) ROBERT MOFFATT.

P. S. It seems quite providential that the letters have not been sent away till the following pleasing information arrived from the Kuneman, by a chief, whom Mateebe has sent to recall us. We learn that the enemy have left Nokunning and gone eastward, filled with terror that the thunder and lightning should overtake them. We learn from the prisoners that they, with their marauding tribes, have been driven from their country by a people they call Matabebe, and from the description they give of them, it is evident that they are no other than Caffers, or Mambookies. Those who were at Old Lat-takoo, are two tribes governed by two chiefs (Chaane and Charrahange); the people of the former are called Maputu, and the latter Batcloquan,—they are a tribe of the Baqean nation. The two tribes appear to have lived at a distance from each other, in their own country, which is probably eight or ten days' journey south-east of Kunecheene. They knew nothing of the white people before, and were of course ignorant of guns and horses. The firing they call thunder and lightning. From four Baharutsee women, who are among the prisoners, we learn that Kunecheene has suffered more than any town we have yet heard of. There are of the Baharutsee hardly any remaining: Lenqaoling and the regent are killed, and the survivors scattered without cattle. Four of the prisoners are inmates of our family. They are as follows:—Mahum, or Mahumo, a woman about twenty years of age; Mothane, also a woman, rather older; Fahange, a boy about eight years old, and a girl about four. Mary has made Mahum cook, and Mothane nurse; and the boy, who seems a clever fellow, I shall find very useful. Considering their former savage state, they do exceedingly well. Mothane makes a good nurse, and learns to wash, &c. They seem very happy in their new situation, and are highly pleased with their clothes.

#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Scenes in the Morea: or, a Sketch of the Life of Demetrius Argyri.* 8vo. pp. 253. London 1824. Sherwood, Jones & Co.

We expected a genuine Greek work, from the title of this book, and a native view of the state of affairs in that interesting country: but it is a Romance in disguise, and we presume that Demetrius Argyri might as well have called himself John Thomson or Thomas Johnson. Thus disappointed in our anticipation, we have not, perhaps, been in a humour to be as well pleased with the story as we might otherwise have been. Yet it evinces some talent, and is a tolerably well written tale of love and war. The hero is a very Achilles, and has a most treacherous cousin, who steals away his bride and deserts to the Turks. The Turks are defeated, the traitor slain, and the fair damsel restored. A German antiquarian is introduced, for the

comique; he mistakes sheepcoats for Pausanian ruins, and a Venetian silver spoon, for Ajax's pap-spoon! As a sample of the Novel we shall transcribe one of the many adventures which befal Demetrius in travelling somewhere about Tripolizza, where, after being robbed, he arrives during a festival at a friend's house.

“Under a clump of tall and stately pines sat the elders of the village, acting as judges and umpires in the various trials of strength and skill exhibited by the numerous candidates for applause, affording, by their conversation and council, the necessary instruction and encouragement to all around. The tall and still majestic form; the venerable grey hairs, the growth of eighty years; and the fine action which accompanied every movement, readily distinguished the person of the elder Korai among this tribune of judges. . . .

“He received me with a hearty embrace, bade me welcome to the festivities of the day, and pressed me to remain his visitor through the following week, for the purpose of attending his wedding. ‘I will talk with you hereafter on that subject,’ said I, ‘but I must now take my leave, to enter the lists among the crowd.’ Having made my determination known, an antagonist immediately appeared, who challenged me to a trial of swiftness in a race. He felt confident of success, which was plainly exhibited in all his looks and actions, grounded, doubtless, on his knowledge of my having just come off a journey, and supposing me to be sufficiently tired to afford him an easy victory. At first my ire kindled at such marked contempt; but recollecting that we were assembled for the enjoyment of pleasure, I determined to stifle my wrath, and turn my antagonist's mistake to my own advantage. In this I completely succeeded by feigning stiffness in my legs and knees, and my apparent unfitness became visible to all around us. My companion intended to walk over the course, his friends cheering him with the certainty of obtaining the prize. The ground was marked, the signal given, and off we started, my antagonist immediately taking the lead, which I suffered him to keep over three-fourths of the ground, amidst the shouts and laughter of the spectators at the unequal contest, and at my temerity in entering into it. At that instant I darted past my over-confident antagonist with the swiftness of an arrow; the shouts ceased for a few moments, the laughter was heard no more, and I reached the goal before the assembled multitude had recovered from their surprise. It was now my turn to triumph in being the object on whom the shouts of victory were lavished, rending the air with joyful acclamations. On turning round to look after my antagonist, I saw him rush into the crowd, among whom he hid himself through the remainder of the day. Numerous groupes of both sexes were amusing themselves with singing, dancing, and music, and in order to give additional proofs how little my journey had fatigued either my body or my mind, I almost immediately afterwards joined in the merry dance. Determined to enter into the scenes of mirth, which reigned every where around me, I united myself to various parties, and sang and danced with such energy, spirit, and continuation, as not only to surprise all who witnessed me, but almost to astonish myself, and my vanity was highly gratified by the

numerous compliments which now awaited me in every direction; for the Greek multitude, which is governed by the same whims and fancies, and subject to the same sudden changes, and rapid transitions; as that many headed monster in other countries, now saw in me every thing to admire, and became as lavish of their praise as they had before been profuse of their censure and derision. This change of feeling towards me was so sudden, that I held it in momentary contempt—the multitude, thought I, can never be right—their praise and their censure are equally worthless—how unjustifiable was the ridicule which they heaped upon me—but pooh! this moralizing in the middle of a dance is absurd enough; besides, I purposely made myself an object of laughter;—their praise is just, and praise, if deserved, is gratifying at all times. In the midst of all this hilarity, and while in the fullest enjoyment of these innocent pastimes, we were surprised by a visit from the delis of the pacha, sent in search of the robbers, who had lately committed some atrocities in the neighbourhood. The excursions of these wretches, numbers of whom are in the service of all the pachas, form one of the severest visitations of tyranny upon the oppressed Greeks. Savage, brutal, and ferocious, they receive with joy the commands of their master to engage in expeditions of this nature; not from a desire to clear the country of a lawless banditti, but from the opportunity which it affords them of destroying the harmless and inoffending. Their orders, in such cases, are not to return without the due complement of heads, and if the robbers be so fortunate as to avoid their search, they then strike off the heads of such of the Greeks as chance to fall in their way; with these they return to their master, who asks no further questions about the matter, pronounces the robbers exterminated, and rewards his delis for their courage and success.

“They now rode in among us at full speed, brandishing their sabres, and shewing every sign of determined hostility: the throng flew in all directions to save themselves, and the elder Korai approached, in order to reply to their interrogatories. After menacing and threatening for a long time, the old gentleman succeeded in convincing them that none of the robbers were concealed in the village; they then boasted of their prowess in clearing the roads, and the benefit which all present derived from their exertions, and ended by levying a contribution for their trouble. To resist would have been useless; it was therefore paid, and we saw with joy these ministers of iniquity ride off, without having injured any of the company. But pleasure had now fled;—the wretches, to be sure, were gone, but they were still in the neighbourhood, and might, under some pretext, return, and commit violent outrages upon us; it was therefore deemed best to break up our festivities, and retire to our homes. With a heavy heart I sighed over the oppressed state of my countrymen, who were thus unable to meet for the purpose of diversion, without their lives being exposed to the savage fury of those miscreants, who, under the pretence of affording protection, appear only to destroy. The love which his poorer countrymen bore to Constantine was fully proved during this scene; his safety appeared to occupy their minds so completely, that they assembled round him in groupes, as if determined to hide him from the view of



the soldiers, while others were equally attentive to his intended lovely bride,—for it was thought best for them to separate, lest the appearance of happiness, which they exhibited, should prove the cause of their destruction. Happy Constantine, thought I, may you long enjoy the estimation which you now hold among your countrymen! The time will come, when it may lead to the happiest results."

They separate. "Gay, light-hearted, and cheerful, with buoyant spirits, and elated with the amusements of the day, our walk passed off with great pleasure and rapidity, till we saw the brother of Eusebia safely sheltered under his own roof. On our return, while passing through a small wood, we were alarmed by the report, of a pistol, the bullet from which whizzed between Constantine and myself. I advised our arming ourselves with clubs, promising success if they would only follow my example; but my countrymen had been so long inured to the insults of the moslems, and held them in such dread, from their brutal tyranny, that I was unheeded in the present instance. Some thought the shot was fired by robbers, while others felt certain that it was aimed at us by the delis; but they all agreed that nothing but a precipitate flight could save us. Against this latter determination I vehemently objected, begging my companions to recollect, that we had guaranteed the safety of Constantine, on whose preservation so much happiness depended, and entreating them to abandon a course of conduct which must insure our immediate destruction, whether the enemy were robbers or delis. 'If we move deliberately on our way,' said I, 'they will perhaps only stop us, and examine who we are; but if we fly with the utmost speed, they will certainly shoot us, under pretence of preventing our escape.' This counsel was followed, though with reluctance, till within about fifty feet of the termination of the wood, when Constantine and two others, elated that no further obstruction had been offered to our passage, began to sing, and then set off at full speed, in order to clear the wood and enter the plain. I called to them not to leave us, using the most urgent reasons for our keeping together; but my voice was unheard, or it proved unavailing. They continued to run—I saw them reach the plain, when the report of another pistol assailed my ears—Constantine fell—a deli appeared, dismounted from his horse, severed the head from the body, and calling out to his companions that he had completed the number of heads, rode off to join them; while, with the most savage delight, one of his comrades exclaimed, 'I told you that we should pick up heads enough out of that mob of Greek dogs, without the trouble of searching further.' Thus was cut off, by an act of brutal ferocity, the eldest son of the house of Korai, in the prime of life, and when almost at the summit of human happiness; affording a melancholy example of the uncertainty of existence, in a country where violence and murder range hand in hand, from the gates of the seraglio to the utmost bounds of the empire, unrestrained either by the feelings of humanity or the law of the land. My situation had become one of the most distressing nature; before me lay the headless corpse of my friend, the three remaining young men of the party standing round it, like statues, petrified with horror. The two, who had accompanied Constantine, were missing. In the village, I knew the venerable Korai and the

alarmed Eusebia to be anxiously waiting for the sound of that voice which would no more greet them with the soft accents of tenderness and affection. As I meditated on the course that I ought to follow, the sound of a voice became audible, softly calling on the name of Constantine. I drew the attention of my companions to the circumstance, proposing to them to enter the wood in the direction of the sound, and assure the two fugitives, from one of whom I supposed it to proceed, that they might emerge from their hiding-places with security; but, to my great surprise, they refused to go, assuring me that the voices I heard were those of the spirits charged with conducting the soul of Constantine to the regions of the blessed. - - -

"The old man, accompanied by his sons, advanced towards the corpse, while the crowd formed a circle around them, at a considerable distance. The five young men still surrounded the body, in mute despair: Sig. Korai desired one of them to remove the covering; he did so for a moment, the shock was electric;—on beholding the mutilated body, the unhappy father staggered, and uttering a deep groan, fell into the arms of his now eldest son. We at first thought he had expired; but, after much exertion, symptoms of returning animation cheered our efforts, and we had the happiness of seeing this worthy man restored to the prayers of the surrounding populace. The assembled crowd continued to stand around the wreck of him whom they had held so dear; I could keep silence no longer; waving my hand, to draw the attention of the whole circle, 'Friends and countrymen,' I exclaimed, 'I have marked the deep sorrow that clouds the brow of every one present, and most ardently do I sympathize in those tears of affection, shed for one whom we all loved, esteemed, I had almost said venerated, both as a man and as a friend. But two short hours have elapsed since he was foremost among the merry throng, dispensing that happiness to all which he himself so fully enjoyed; mirth, joy, and laughter followed his steps. How sad the reverse! how awful the transition! behold him now a lifeless corpse, cut off in the pride and bloom of manhood, by the base and sanguinary hand of a lawless and blood-thirsty assassin. Behold the mutilated trunk of him who has so often proved himself your kind benefactor!' Here I uncovered the body, when the air was rent with the lamentations of the multitude at the dreadful spectacle. 'Lamentation, at this moment,' continued I, 'does honour to your feelings; but it must shortly be followed by deeds of revenge. I see your indignation kindling into flame; cherish it with the most fostering care; be ready, at the call of the first trumpet, to rally round the glorious standard of Greece; be firm, be united, and you must be free. Then shall the murder of our mutual friend be amply avenged on the heads of those savage moslems, whose rule is a rod of iron, and whose delight is in blood. Let us now pledge ourselves to avenge his death, nor hold that pledge fulfilled while an Osmanli pollutes the hallowed soil of Greece.' The multitude here grasped each other's hands, while oaths, not loud but deep, escaped their lips; oaths for the extermination of those wretches whose abuse of power had deprived them of their benefactor, and who only wanted opportunity to commit other deeds of violence and outrage on the persons of their unoffending and defenceless countrymen."

We have only to repent, that had these Scenes in the Morea been real instead of fictions, they might have had a superior interest to that of merely amusing.

*Secret Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV. and of the Regency. Extracted from the German Correspondence of the Duchess of Orleans, Mother of the Regent. 8vo. pp. 472. London 1824. Whittakers.*

This book has been published several times in France, and when it made its last appearance, some months ago, our Paris Correspondent furnished us with an account of it, and extracted a number of its most piquant anecdotes, which appeared accordingly in his letters, and have rubbed off much of the interest attached to novelty. And, indeed, a work of this kind can only be endured in the shape of partial selections: to read it straight forward from beginning to end is disgusting. Nearly five hundred pages in succession devoted to descriptions of hideous profligacy, are more than the grossest appetite for slander can gorge; and when we add to this that many of the stories are indecent, and the whole train polluting to the mind, we are but giving that just character of a book which is calculated to do evil and cannot do good.

Where vice reigns without restraint, there is no difference between "the little vulgar and the great." As their actions are alike odious, so is their language similarly low and foul.\* A Duchess of the Court of Louis XIV. writes precisely like a 'drab of a court in St. Giles's: the images they raise are equally offensive to taste and detrimental to morality—their dramatis personæ are only varieties of infamous women and blackguards, occupied in scenes of heartless dishonour and debauchery. These Memoirs, therefore, present a long and miry path to wade through; which we are inclined to think very few readers will have patience to pursue to an end, and many will have no wish to undertake. But though, in addition to these discouragements, we must state that the narrative is also disjointed, unconnected, and full of repetitions, and that many of the facts stated are notoriously untrue, and the truth in other cases perverted by the strongest prejudices, yet it is possible to pick out an amusing Notice from its mass of scandal, anecdote, and repartee. This shall be our sole business with regard to it; and we have only to preface the mélange with the editor's own account of the volume, as contained in the prefixed Biography of the writer.

"Her extensive correspondence is probably still preserved, in the several courts of Spain, Naples, Berlin, and other great cities. Two or three collections only, or rather extracts from them, have yet been published. She wrote a barbarous sort of German mixed with the provincialism of the Palatinate and French phrases; there is a crudity in her expressions which owns no restraint, and which presents a singular contrast to the delicate and graceful style of Sevigné, Caylus, Maintenon, and other ladies of the Court of Louis XIV. Her letters, moreover, contain a perfect scandalous chronicle; all the anecdotes which were afloat there found a place."

To the character of her husband's brother, Louis XIV., we think the author of this Scandalous Chronicle rather favourable. She says, "When the King pleased he could be one

\* The present translator has judiciously, and much to his credit, purged the book of many impurities.

of the most agreeable and amiable men in the world; but it was first necessary that he should be intimately acquainted with persons. He used to joke in a very comical and amusing manner.

"The King, though by no means perfect, possessed some great and many fine qualities; and by no means deserved to be defamed and despised by his subjects after his death.

"While he lived he was flattered, even to idolatry. . . .

"The King, it must be allowed, gave occasion to great scandal on account of his mistresses; but then he very sincerely repented of these offences.

"He had good natural wit, but was extremely ignorant; and was so much ashamed of it, that it became the fashion for his courtiers to turn learned men into ridicule. Louis XIV. could not endure to hear politics talked; he was what they call in this country, *franc du collier*.

"At Marly he did not wish the slightest ceremony to prevail. Neither Ambassadors, nor other Envoys, were ever permitted to come here; he never gave audience; there was no etiquette, and the people went about *pêle-mêle*. Out of doors the King made all the men wear their hats; and, in the drawing-room, every body, even to the captains, lieutenants, and sub-lieutenants of the foot-guards, were permitted to be seated. This custom so disgusted me with the drawing-rooms that I never went to it.

"The King used to take off his hat to women of all descriptions, even the common peasants.

"When he liked people he would tell them every thing he had heard; and, for this reason, it was always dangerous to talk to him of that old Maintenon.

"Although he loved flattery, he was very often ready to ridicule it. Montespan and the old woman had spoiled him, and hardened his heart against his relations; for he was, naturally, of a very affectionate disposition.

"Louis XIV., as well as all the rest of his family, with the exception of my son, hated reading. Neither the King, nor Monsieur, had been taught any thing; they scarcely knew how to read and write. The King was the most polite man in his kingdom; but his son and his grand-children were the most rude. . . .

"I never saw the King beat but two men, and they both well deserved it. The first was a valet, who would not let him enter the garden during one of his own fêtes. The other was a pickpocket, whom the King saw emptying the pocket of M. de Villars. Louis XIV., who was on horseback, rode towards the thief, and struck him with his cane; the rascal cried out, 'Murder, I shall be killed!' which made us all laugh, and the King laughed also; he had the thief taken, and made him give up the purse, but he did not have him hanged. . . .

"Louis XIV. proved, at his death, that he was really a great man; for it would be impossible to die with more courage than he displayed. Foreight days he had, incessantly, the approach of death before his eyes, without betraying fear or apprehension; he arranged every thing, as if he had been only going to make a journey.

"Eight or ten days before his death a disease had appeared in his leg; a gangrene ensued, and it was this which caused his death. . . .

"It cannot be denied that Louis XIV. was the finest man in his kingdom; no person had a better appearance than he: his figure was

agreeable, his legs well made, his feet small, his voice pleasant: he was lusty in proportion; and, in short, no fault could be found with his person. Some folks thought he was too corpulent for his height, and that Monsieur was too stout; so that it was said, by way of joke at Court, that there had been a mistake, and that one brother had received what had been intended for the other. The King was in the habit of keeping his mouth open in an awkward way. . . .

"He preserved his good looks up to his death; although some of my ladies, who saw him afterwards, told me that he could scarcely be recognised. Before his death his stature had been diminished by a head; and he perceived this himself.

"His pronunciation was very distinct; but all his children, from the Dauphin to the Comte de Toulouse, lisped; they used to say, *Paki*, instead of *Paris*. . . .

"Formerly, all the King's officers, such as the butler, the cup-bearer, &c. &c. were persons of rank; but, afterwards, the nobility becoming poor, could not afford to buy the high offices; and they fell, of necessity, into the hands of more wealthy citizens, who could pay for them.

"The King, the late Monsieur, the Dauphin, and the Duke de Berri, were great eaters. I have often seen the King eat four platefuls of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plateful of salad, mutton hashed with garlick, two good sized slices of ham, a dish of pastry, and afterwards fruit and sweetmeats. The King and Monsieur were very fond of hard eggs.

"Louis XIV. understood perfectly the art of satisfying people, even while he reproved their requests. His manners were most affable; and he spoke with so much politeness as to win all hearts. . . .

To these traits of the King we shall subjoin the story told by the Duchess, of the poisoning of her predecessor, the unfortunate Henrietta of England:

"It was not (she relates) Madame's endive-water that D'Effial had poisoned; that report must have been a mere invention, for other persons might have tasted it, had Madame alone drank from her own glass. A *valet de chambre* who was with Madame, and who afterwards was in my service (he is dead now,) told me, that in the morning, while Monsieur and Madame were at Mass, d'Effial went to the sideboard, and taking the Queen's cup, rubbed the inside of it with a paper. The valet said to him, 'Sir, what do you do in this room, and why do you touch Madame's cup?' He answered, 'I am dying with thirst, I wanted something to drink, and the cup being dirty, I was wiping it with some paper.' In the afternoon Madame asked for some endive-water: but no sooner had she swallowed it, than she exclaimed she was poisoned. The persons present drank some of the same water, but not the same that was in the cup, for which reason they were not inconvenienced by it. It was found necessary to carry Madame to bed. She grew worse, and at two o'clock in the morning she died in great pain. When the cup was sought for, it had disappeared, and was not found until long after: it seems it had been necessary to pass it through the fire before it could be cleaned. . . .

"If the late Madame was better treated than I was, it was for the purpose of pleasing the

\* Owing to the horrid debauchery of the Court, almost every one of his children were also deformed and diseased.

King of England, who was very fond of his sister."

To talk of the better treatment of a Princess who was murdered, is rather a paradox; but we shall close our affair with the historical part of a work so ludicrous and incorrect, and finish our Review with a few of its best anecdotes.

"I was never more amused than in a journey which I took with the King to Flanders; the Queen and the Dauphine were then alive. As soon as we reached a city, each of us retired to our own quarters for a short time; and afterwards we went to the theatre, which was commonly so bad, that we were ready to die with laughing. Among others, I remember, that at Dunkirk we saw a company playing Mithridates. In speaking to Momimia, Mithridates said something which I forget, but which was very absurd. He turned round immediately to the Dauphine, and said, 'I very humbly beg pardon, Madam, I assure you it was a slip of the tongue.' The laugh which followed this apology may be imagined; but it became still greater when the Prince of Conti, the husband of the *grande Princesse*, who was sitting above the orchestra, and who, in a fit of laughing, fell into it; he tried to save himself by the cord; and, in doing so, pulled down the curtain over the lamps, set it on fire, and burnt a great hole in it. The flames were soon extinguished; and the actors, as if they were perfectly indifferent, or unconscious of the accident, continued to play on, although we could only see them through the hole. . . .

"Madame de Colonne had a great share of wit, and our King was so much in love with her, that if her uncle the Cardinal had consented, he would certainly have married her. Cardinal Mazarin, although in every other respect a worthless person, deserved to be praised for having opposed this marriage. He sent his niece into Italy. When she was setting out, the King wept violently: Madame de Colonne said to him, 'You are a King; you weep, and yet I go.' This was saying a great deal in a few words. . . .

"I have often heard Madame de Maintenon say, jestingly, 'I have always been either too far from, or too near to greatness, to know exactly what it is.' . . .

"When her approaching death was announced to her, she said, 'To die is the least event of my life.' . . .

"The Chevalier de Saint George is one of the best men in the world, and complaisance itself. He one day said to Lord Douglas, 'What should I do to gain the goodwill of my countrymen?' Douglas replied, 'Only embark hence, with twelve Jesuits, and as soon as you land in England hang every one of them publicly; you can do nothing so likely to recommend you to the English people.' . . .

"That which pleased me most in Beauvernois' life is the answer he made to the Prince of Vandemont. When he was fleeing, and had arrived at Brussels, he gave himself out for a Prince of Lorraine. M. de Vandemont sent for him, and upon seeing him, said, 'I know all the Princes of Lorraine, but I do not know you.' 'I assure you, Sir,' replied Beauvernois, 'that I am as much a Prince of Lorraine as you are.' . . .

"The last Duke of Ossuna had, it is said, a very beautiful, but, at the same time, a passionate and jealous wife. Having learnt that her husband had chosen a very fine stuff for the dress of his mistress, an actress, she went to the merchant and procured it of him;

he thinking it was intended for her, made no scruple of delivering it to her. After it was made up she put it on, and showing it to her husband, said, 'do not you think it is very beautiful?' The husband, angry at the trick, replied, 'Yes, the stuff is beautiful, but it is put to an unworthy use.'—'That is what every body says of me,' retorted the Duchess. - - -

'The late Madame de Nemours had charitably brought up a poor child. When the child was about nine years old, she said to her benefactress, 'Madame, no one can be more grateful for your charity than I am, and I cannot acknowledge it better than by telling every body I am your daughter; but do not be alarmed, I will not say that I am your lawful child, only your illegitimate daughter.' - - -

'One lady was blaming another, her intimate friend, for loving a very ugly man. The latter said, 'Did he ever speak to you tenderly or passionately?'—'No,' replied the former. 'Then you cannot judge,' said her friend, 'whether I ought to love him or not.' - - -

'The Dauphin had a daughter by Raisin the actress, but he would never acknowledge her; and, after his death, the Princess of Conti took care of her, and married her to a gentleman of Vaugour. The Dauphin was so tired of the Duke du Maine that he had sworn never to acknowledge any of his illegitimate children. This Raisin must have had very peculiar charms to make an impression upon a heart so thick as that of the Dauphin, who really loved her. One day he sent for her to Choisy, and hid her in a mill, without anything to eat or drink; for it was fast day, and the Dauphin thought there was no greater sin than to eat meat on a fast day. After the court had departed, all that he gave her for supper was some salad and toast with oil. Raisin laughed at this very much herself, and told several persons of it. When I heard of it, I asked the Dauphin what he meant by making his mistress fast in this manner: 'I had a mind,' he said, 'to commit one sin, but not two.' - - -

We shall now only add four female characteristics of the manners and wit of the period. The Duchess, our author, says very naively of herself—

'I cannot bear that any one should touch me behind; it makes me so angry that I do not know what I do. I was very near giving the Dauphin a blow one day, for he had a wicked trick of coming behind one for a joke, and putting his fist in the chair just where one was going to sit down. I begged him, for God's sake, to leave off this habit, which was so disagreeable to me, that I would not answer for not one day giving him a sound blow, without thinking of what I was doing. From that time he left me alone.' - - -

Of her son's wife, she tells—'She walks a little on one side, which Madame de Ratzenhausen calls *walking by ear*.' - - -

And upon this is noted a description of her companion, the Duchess of Stora, from Madame Caylus' Souvenirs. 'Her only beauty is her complexion, which is very white, and her fine eyes. Her nose is hooked, and almost reaches her red lips, which made Madame de Vendome say, that she looked like a parrot eating a cherry.' - - -

Our last picture is of a Madame de Montchevreuil, from the Notes on Dangeau's Journal. 'She was (says the writer) of a long, thin figure; devout, austere, and bitter. Her nose was without end; her teeth long and yellow, which her imbecile laugh occasionally displayed; her face was like yellow wax:—

in short, she looked like a puppet moving upon springs. With all her virtue and vigilance, she could not prevent one of her children committing an offence in the very heart of the court; nor her daughter-in-law from passing her days and nights in ruinous play unknown to her. In other respects she was a good woman, and not proud: her husband was one of the best men and greatest fools ever known.' - - -

We have commended the editor for weeding the original of some of its indecencies, but wish he had exercised his discretion farther in this respect, by which means the filthy tales at page 89 and elsewhere would have been expunged. These indicated are even destitute of wit to account for their appearance. The design of the industrious publication of such works at this period is evidently to bring courts and royalty into contempt. They are part of the machinery employed by the advocates for revolution, and do not seem ill devised to make an impression on the multitude. But the consideration of this topic would lead us into political discussion, and that we are most willing to leave to the political press. We should not be sorry, however, were we to be assured that of the Court of Louis XIV. about which there has been so many and too many publications, another syllable should never issue from the press.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

## LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, Feb. 7, 1824.

I MENTIONED to you M. Campenon's Life and Writings of Ducis. J. T. Ducis, who died in 1817, was one of our first tragic poets, and perhaps the first of his day. His Hamlet, Romeo et Juliette, Othello, Roi Lear, d'Abulfar, Macbeth, will always be popular on the stage, and demanded from the press. M. Campenon was the poet's intimate friend, and he relates a variety of anecdotes, which friendship only could have known. Ducis had a sort of antique spirit. Napoleon sought his acquaintance, and was esteemed by him, while he thought him the champion of liberty; but when he became its oppressor, he was deserted. The most brilliant places were offered to Ducis, but he refused them all, and preferred his independence to splendid slavery. Even in old age this firmness of character was unyielding and intact. The first interview with Bonaparte took place at Malmaison, on the invitation of the first Consul. 'M. Ducis presented himself in the costume which he usually wore in his walks—a gray coat, worsted stockings, round hat, and walking stick. Nothing occurred at dinner, which was simple. During the evening the conversation turned on the events of the day. The first Consul spoke of his projects as one accustomed by victory to vanquish all obstacles. "You want," said he, to his guests, laws altogether different from those you have hitherto had—*Quand tout le monde marche au hasard, tout le monde se heurte*—I see nothing regular any where—your administration is still without system, because your late government was without will and energy. I will establish order; I will place France in a condition to give the law to Europe. I shall make all the wars accessory to a stable peace,—give you solid institutions, harmonize your wants and your habits,—protect religion, and place its ministers above necessity."—*Et après cela, General?*' interrupted Ducis, in a gentle tone. "*Après cela!*" resumed Bonaparte, somewhat surprised,

"*Après cela, bon homme Ducis, vous me nommez juge de paix dans quelque village.*" The modest reply too feebly disguised his ambition to deceive any of the company.

'Ducis made a second visit to Malmaison, when the first Consul spared neither praises nor promises; but these fine words, so sweet in the mouth of the great, were powerless and tasteless for Ducis. During dinner, he was distinguished and flattered; and after the coffee, Bonaparte took him into the park, and it was there that the following dialogue occurred:—

'How did you come, Papa Ducis?' 'In a good hackney coach, which waits for me at your door, and will take me back to mine.'—

'What! in a hackney coach, at your age—it is not suitable.'—'General, I have never had any other carriage, when the distance has been too great for my legs.'—'No, I tell you, it is not proper; it must not be. A man of your talents, and at your age, ought to have his own carriage—as plain as you please, but easy and convenient. Leave it to me; I will arrange that matter.' 'General,' (replied Ducis, looking up at a flock of wild ducks that flew over his head;) you are a sportsman; you see those birds that cut the cloud yonder: There is not one that does not smell at a distance the odour of your powder, and sniff the gun—*Eh bien!* I am one of these birds—I am a wild duck.' - - -

'After this short and singular explanation there was no hope of negotiating, and the conversation languished—dropped. Napoleon, who was not accustomed to such refusals, spoke of Ducis to his favourites in terms of contempt, and treated him as an old fool.' - - -

'Ducis always spoke of Shakespeare with the greatest veneration. I shall never forget one day that I went to see my friend at Versailles; it was in January, and very cold: I found him in his chamber, mounted on a chair, and completely occupied in placing a garland of bay on the bust of the English Eschylus. "At your service just now," said he, without at all suspending his labours; and observing that I was not a little surprised at his attitude and occupation, he continued—"You do not see, then, that to-morrow is Saint William's day—fête of the patron of my Shakespeare?" And, at length, placing his hand on my shoulder, in order to descend, and consulting me on the effects of his bouquet—"Mon ami, dit-il, les anciens décoraient de fleurs les sources où ils avoient puisé." I doubt if Virgil or Fenelon ever employed a more elegant allusion to express a more delicate sentiment.' - - -

Never have we had more balls at Paris than this winter. The Chevalier Wilmot's was nothing to Marshal Soult's; and since, Marshal Suchet has given a most splendid fête. M. de Chateaubriand will shortly give one, to which only 3000 persons are invited; and Mr. Rothschild, the banker, is preparing another: it will cost more than 100,000 francs.

The last week has been fruitful in new romances.—1. *The Liqueur*, par M. Dinocourt, who has already published three popular romances.—2. *Le Comte Ory*, par M. Raban, author of several gay tales, in the style of Pigault-Lebrun. The gallant adventures of the Comte are related rather too freely.—3. *Jeanne Maillette, ou l'Héroïne Lilloise*, by the author of *A Year at London*, and *Six Months at London* in 1819, 1820, 1821, &c. and the indefatigable translator of all Sir Walter Scott's works. *Jeanne* is got up after the *Scottian* model, and sometimes the imitator is very successful. *L'Héroïne*, another Joan d'Arc,



defends Lille, and saves it from the fury of a set of rebels who had risen against the authority of Philip II. The same author has also just published a Collection of Letters on the Politics, Literature, and Manners of the Year 1823. It is not without a good sprinkling of *choses, bonnes et piquantes*.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### THE NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

The instruments to be used by Capt. Parry on the new Expedition are ordered to be shipped by the 1st of May; so that we may presume it will sail about the middle of that month.

##### HYDROSTATICS.

On the question which we inserted from B. (*Literary Gazette*, Jan. 24, p. 61), "whether the work of J. S. Frontinus afforded any ground for believing that the ancients were acquainted with the singular property of water finding its own level," we have received many communications.\* The whole case is ably stated in Leslie's Elements of Natural Philosophy.† The elder Pliny, who was nearly contemporary with Frontinus, lays down the main principle expressly: "Water will invariably rise to the height of its source—*Aqua in plumbo subit altitudinem exortus sui*." This alone would settle the question; but we may state, as a general view, that Palladius (de re Rustica) alludes to the same principle, and that the pipes and conduits of Rome were actually constructed upon it.

Frontinus himself, who wrote his Treatise on the Aqueducts of Rome in the age of Trajan, and not in the time of Vespasian; says, in Lib. I.—"There are different levels to the streams, two of which are raised to every part of the city; but of the rest, some are forced by greater, some by less pressure." Can we believe that the Romans supposed this faculty of water was exercised only in lead pipes? Statius, in his poem on the Baths of Claudius Etruscus, writes—

*Nili ibi plebeium; nusquam Temesæa videbis  
Æra; sed argento felix propellitur unda  
Argentoque cadit, etc.*

As in the construction of their thermæ, or baths, it is evident that pipes were used in every direction—an acquaintance with the fact, that water would rise to its level must have been made by this observant people at least in a tolerably early period of the Empire.‡

\* For which we particularly thank our Correspondents "Vitruvius" and "Constant Reader."

† Vol. I. 8vo. W. & C. Tait, Edinburgh, published last year, and apparently (having consulted it at the request of its author for the present purpose) an extremely able work.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

‡ One circumstance, rather interesting to English readers, occurs to be mentioned in Frontinus, with consular dignity, commanded the Roman forces in Britain, from the year of our Lord 75 to 84, with peculiar success and splendour: Among the remains of his command still commemorated by a Roman road, bearing his name *Julia Strata*, tending to guard against the influx of the waters, as is recorded by the Poet, &c. &c. have been found, according to the *Itinerarium Cambrie* of Giraldus, in 1186, "water pipes;" and in 1755, according to the modern historian of Monmouthshire, Williams, Roman leaden pipes for the conveyance of water from the northern hill it was discovered.

§ It is also somewhat remarkable, that in the *Literary Gazette* of the very week in which B.'s query appeared, in the account of the discoveries in the Forum Julii, it is stated, that "many pipes were found, forming a connexion between the hill and the town."

##### CALENDAR OF GARDENING.

Feb. 5.—The mild weather of the two preceding months has continued, but not so long as prematurely to excite vegetation, and call

forth buds and blossoms which might be destroyed by April frosts. Nevertheless, mezerions, pyrus japonica, Bengal-roses, stocks, and wall-flowers, and similar articles, are in flower in warm situations; and the yellow whin and brown calycanthus præcox are displaying their beauty in the gardens of some amateurs. Bees have been leaving their hives for the last fortnight; and the thrush (*turdus musicus*) has sung in Kensington Gardens since the middle of January, though its usual time is the first week of February. The common lark, which dates its song with the thrush, had just begun when the frost set in.

The garden operations of February are in every almanack. Sow large seeds, as beans, pease, &c. at the beginning, and the smaller, as turnips, carrots, onions, &c. towards the end of the month. Bulbous and tuberous roots may be planted on dry soils during the whole of the month; potatoes will gain little by being planted sooner than the last week. Shalots and garlic are better planted in Autumn, as are bulbous-rooted flowers, unless on cold wet soils we except the ranunculus and anemone. Great care is required of roots and fruits in a state of repose in the fruit-room or cellar. Apples in heaps, or spread on shelves, should be frequently looked over. Pears packed in bran, or sand, had better not be meddled with, but care taken that they are kept in a temperature not below 30, or above 48 or 50. Unpacking such pears to search for decaying ones is a certain mode of accelerating the evil which is desired to be avoided.

Forcing may now be commenced in all the departments; cucumbers by M'Phail's pit, and peaches and grapes in houses with steep roofs, so as to intercept at a large angle the sun's rays, still falling on the earth very obliquely. Many projects have of late been devised for saving horse-dung in making hot-beds, and for preventing their littery appearance. The principle on which the saving proceeds is that of using the dung at once fresh from the stable, and so gaining all the heat it is capable of producing; while by the common mode more than half is dissipated in the preparation of the article, besides the loss of labour. M'Phail's plan has been tried longest, and is the safest to recommend; but that adopted at Alderstone, in Scotland, and by West, at Castle Ashby, in Northamptonshire, seems to surpass it. [See the Horticultural Transactions, and Caledonian Horticultural Memoirs, or London's Encyclopædia of Gardening, in which these and various other plans are brought together, and described and compared.]

The culinary products of February are those of January; and especially excellent asparagus, sea-kale, tart-rhubarb, and mushrooms, raised by artificial heat. Kidney-beans, where there are stoves, may also be had during this month, and of course abundance of small salad, and which every cook may raise in her kitchen in flat pans placed on a side-table, and covered with hand-glasses. This may seem a trifle, but it is a real saving, as the degree of heat constantly existing in the kitchen at any rate, requires a good deal of dung or fuel to be produced in a hot-bed or pit at this season of the year.

Of fruits, abundance of apples, both eating and baking sorts, are still to be had; but of pears, chiefly the Chaumontelle, Cressanne, St. Germans, and Uddels St. Germans, for the table, and the catholic pear, and some wildings for baking. There are some others in

private gardens of eminence, where the *Nouvelle Bourée d'Yver*, and other long-keeping French sorts, are cultivated and carefully preserved, by being first sweated, then wiped dry, enveloped in fine paper, and packed in jars of sand covered with stucco or clay, and placed in a cool cellar. In Covent Garden Market there are few pears to be got by the middle of February; in Amsterdam and Paris they are to be had till May, and later. It is rather remarkable that this circumstance has not excited more attention in and about the Metropolis. A few medlars and bastard services may still be found in the best fruit-rooms; and true services till March, where such are grown, but the fruit is very rare in England; and a plant of *sorbus domestica* can scarcely be procured nearer than Paris or Genoa. This fruit merits more general cultivation.

Of flowers: the snowdrop, cowslip, and aconite, are found in the first week. Some early crocuses soon after; and camellias, ixiæ, and heaths, are abundant in the conservatories. It is a curious circumstance, and not generally known, that a pot of common yellow crocuses in flower will, if taken into a dark room first (of course) shut their petals, and then open and shut them alternately, as light is introduced or withdrawn. Time of shutting or of opening ten minutes. Hyacinths, polyanthus narcissi, Persian iris, minionette, and sweet briar, compose and diffuse a delightful and luxurious odour for the drawing-room, and form a fine contrast to the frigid nakedness of the open garden at this season of the year.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES, ETC.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THE Royal Society of Literature is rapidly growing to that maturity and vigour which its early supporters anticipated and its friends desired. The list of Fellows now published, and to which numerous and distinguished additions are continually being made, contains above a hundred and fifty names of persons, many of them of the highest rank in the kingdom, and of the highest eminence for science and learning.

The Ten Royal Associates, it is reported, will be appointed before the 25th of March, the majority having already been elected, and the remaining minority being put in the course of nomination. In this important matter, as in all the other proceedings of the Society, the absence of every political and party feeling is honourably apparent; and among the individuals chosen to present to His Majesty, for Royal patronage, we observe literary men of almost every persuasion and mode of thinking on the great subjects which divide the opinions of mankind. The only considerations in making the election seem to have been fitness of circumstance, irreproachability of moral character, and the possession of publicly appreciated talent. When the number is completed, which it no doubt will be in the same spirit of impartiality and liberal principle, we trust to be able to lay the whole results before our readers: in the meantime we resume our notices of the Ordinary Meetings of the Society.

On Wednesday evening, January 21st, a paper, communicated by Mr. Bowdler, on the Madness of Hamlet, was read. It treated the question in a dramatic, rather than in a philosophical way; and from quotations and comparisons furnished by the play itself, very ingeniously argued, that the insanity of the

Prince of Denmark was entirely counterfeited. Many passages were adduced, and the whole line of his conduct was reviewed in support of this theory, which certainly displayed much acuteness and observation: but still we are not convinced. Our notion is (and it would reconcile all differences) that Hamlet's reason is just sufficiently alienated by the dread apparition of his murdered father, and its terrible injunction on him to execute vengeance, to leave him sense enough to pursue that object, but so far to disorder his mind as to render the affectation of a deeper manly natural and consistent. This we often see in life;—a man touched slightly by wine readily puts on the appearance of entire intoxication, but steadily advances whatever purpose he has on hand; and the merely fatuous slides with the utmost facility into the raging madman. But it is impossible to unite judgments upon this point, where so much can be alleged on all sides.

On Wednesday, February 4th, a very interesting communication was read; viz. Observations on the River Euphrates, by Sir Wm. Ouseley. This brief paper must have been the work of much studious labour as well as active inquiry. To trace the "Mighty Euphrates" historically, and geographically from its source in Armenia to its mouth in the Persian Gulf, was a task which few writers were competent to accomplish. We are sorry we can only give a rough outline of Sir William's excellent Memoir, derived, as it appears to have been, from extensive reading, both of European and Asiatic, modern and ancient authorities, and personal observation: connected with the last-mentioned qualification, the details were peculiarly attractive. In journeying from Persia to Constantinople through Armenia, Sir W. O. stopped on the Euphrates at Satan's Valley (so called from abounding in scorpions and noxious creatures,) a spot of verdure and beauty! Here he swam across the river, and found it to be from three to six feet in depth, broad, winding, and rapid, over a stony and rugged bed.\* During his travel along its channel, especially during the last twenty, of seventy miles, he remarked that it flowed between steep rocky banks, finely clothed with wood, and displaying such willow trees as are described in that melancholy strain of the Hebrew captivity, where they paint their griefs in suspending their harps, and weeping while they thought on Jerusalem. In its course the river utters a loud and hollow noise; the effect of which is increased by the silence prevailing around.

The Euphrates was styled "great" by ancient authors, and also emphatically, "The River" (Hebrew Book of Joshua—Greek Apocalypse of St. John—Lucan, &c.) and several of its appellations serve to mark it as consisting of several streams, and to have been cut into artificial canals. The etymology of the word Euphrates is unknown—especially of the prefix *Eu*. Probably the root is the Hebrew *Frat* or *Perath*,† by some derived

from *Farrah*, to be; or to render fruitful. This, however, seems fanciful.

Sir W. Ouseley took admirable means to elucidate his subject: he directed his inquiry towards the source of the river in Armenia, and endeavoured to ascertain what name it had borne and continued to bear in that region. The highest period at which he could arrive was the fifth century, when Moses of Chorene, in his history of Armenia, calls it *Ephrat* or *Efrat*; very slightly differing from the Greek. At the present day, many Armenians and Turks upon its banks, pronounce it as written in Arabic, *Frát* or *Forát*, sometimes softened into *Forád*, and sometimes with the first letter changed into a mingled sound of *M* and *V*. To this corrupt and curious pronunciation may, perhaps, be ascribed the name of *Morád*, bestowed by some modern geographers on a second branch, though Ptolemy has not distinguished one branch from the other by any particular name.

The concluding portion of the Essay excited much attention, and charmed both by its erudition and condensed information on a subject of universal interest—the site of the terrestrial paradise, of which the four rivers were, the Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and *Phrath*, of Moses. There are a multitude of hypotheses on this point, of which we instance a few:—

- 1st. The Garden of Eden existed between that place where the Euphrates and Tigris unite their streams, and the spot where now stands the city of Basrah.—[Huet, Bishop of Avranches; Dr. Wells; &c. &c.]
2. In Armenia, among the fountains of the four rivers, Phasis, Araxes, Tigris, and Euphrates.—[Reland's *Dissert. de Parad. Terrest.* &c.]
3. Near a town called Edneissar, (in lat. 41, and between 72° and 73° long,) at the foot of the mountain on which has been erected the city of Mardin.—[Father Angelo, who travelled in Asia between the years 1664 and 1678, and describes this situation, as being called in Turkish, "the thousand fountains;" whence, says he, issue the four rivers, Tigris, Euphrates, Kouksou or Bluewater, and Nahar-gilics or Sword-river; which two latter, equivalent to the Gihon and Pison, fall respectively into the two former.]
4. In the territory of Canaan, Palestine, or the Holy Land.
5. Near Damascus in Syria.
6. On the tract now covered by the Caspian Sea.
7. In Egypt.
8. In the island of Ceylon, or Serandib.

Besides these various conjectures, each of which has had its advocates, it has been maintained by others, that the Terrestrial Paradise was on the banks of the Ganges—under the Equator in Africa—in Europe—and even in America. And even beyond this, Huet tells us, "There have been some who would place Paradise in the third or fourth heaven; in the heaven of the moon; in the moon itself; in a mountain adjoining the lunar heaven; in the middle region of the air." &c. &c. The Mohammedans confound it with their Bowers of Bliss; and the Jewish Rabbis have held that it reached to the seventh heaven, where the four rivers were of Milk, Wine, Balsam, and Honey. Sir W. Ouseley, with all his intelligence, does not presume to determine which is right, and we are sure—neither shall the *Literary Gazette*.

vants (Firdausi relates,) "took away the ark at midnight, not one of them opening his lips to the other,—they took it hastily from the presence of Humai, and cast it into the river Euphrates—*ab i Forat*."

OXFORD, Feb. 7.—Tuesday last the Rev. A. Grayson, M.A. having been previously presented by the Provost and Fellows of Queen's College, was admitted Principal of St. Edmund Hall, with the usual ceremonies, by the Rev. Dr. Hall, Vice-Chancellor.

Sunday week died, in Southampton-street, Strand, London, J. Lempiere, D.D. formerly of Pembroke College, in this University, and for some time Master of the endowed Grammar School at Abingdon; author of the *Classical and Biographical Dictionaries*, and other works.

On Saturday, Jan. 31, the following Degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—E. Everett, Balliol Coll.; Rev. R. Lütke, Brasenose College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—A. Goode, Pembroke Coll.; St. V. K. H. Whithed, Esq. Ch. Ch.; T. Henderson, Aug. Short, G. A. Legge, Students of Christ Church; G. J. Penn, Hon. J. G. C. F. Strangways, R. Wickham, Christ Church; S. M. Colquitt, E. Duncombe, Brasenose College.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY.

Jeffry Wyatt and George Jones, Esqrs. were on the 10th elected Royal Academicians in the room of the late Mr. Nollekens and Sir H. Raeburn.

##### THE BRITISH GALLERY.

We are borne out in our first remarks, that the present Exhibition is equal in its attractive qualities to any of the former seasons; and it arises, we think, principally from the variety displayed in its subjects, and the judicious proportion of Landscape with History and other works of imagination. No inconsiderable share, however, of its claims are founded on pictures which have been exhibited before at Somerset House, and have consequently had our remarks; but it must be observed that many of them come under a second review often with alterations, and mostly with improvements. In this particular we think the *Cupid and Psyche* of Westall appears eminently distinguished, which if we remember rightly, was exhibited at the Royal Academy, as an experiment on the plan of Miss Cleaver's Venetian process. Whether this is a confirmation of that process, we are not informed; but if our sight deceive us not, the whole has been re-painted, and is one of Mr. Westall's most successful efforts in colouring as well as pencilling.

Iris and her Train. Henry Howard, R.A. When we see subjects of this nature clothed in all the grace of vivid colours, we think them in their place; but when the competition is carried on by means of the primary ones in all their improvements of chrome yellows, bright lakes, cobalt blues, &c. and lavished on every subject, whether of grave or gay, we are much inclined to apply the reproach of Raphael to his pupil, who had loaded his Helen with ornaments: "So, young man, not able to make your subject beautiful, you have made her fine." There is, however, some excuse for our Artists in this particular; they have to contend with so much glare of gold and ornaments, that it is hardly possible to avoid the excess of which we complain. But not an iota of this is to be found in the beautiful composition and graceful forms which make the subject of Mr. Howard's pencil.

121. Colonel Blood's Attempt to steal the Regalia from the Tower of London. H. P. Briggs. Subjects of this nature lead to the same inquiries with those of the Author of Waverley, &c. namely, a desire to examine the events as recorded by the historian, and learn in what view the atrocious act was placed by contemporary writers. As a work of art,

\* Lower down towards Babylon and the Plain of Shinar it deposits a deep alluvial soil, and its bottom is mud and slime.

† The famous Persian poet, Firdausi, in his *Shahnamah*, where he relates the history of Queen Humai, calls it "*ab i Forát*;" this was nearly 800 years ago. By-the-by, this history strongly resembles that of Moses. Queen Humai, the mother of Darab, and grandmother of the Darius vanquished by Alexander, to avoid a prophecy, that her son would deprive her of the crown, caused the child to be put in a wooden box, or ark, with fine linen, gold and jewels; and, while he slept, her ser-

Mr. Briggs has displayed the same energy of feeling and the same powerful execution as in his *Guy Faux*, and reminds us strongly of the character of Opie's style, though with the marked and characteristic expression of the prompt and determined villany of Blood. The drapery of this figure is most beautifully painted, and exhibits a specimen of power and talent, which, while it does honour to the British School of Art, would credit any age or country.

185. The Cat's-paw; from La Fontaine's Fable, *E. Landseer*. The attractive qualities of this young Artist's pencil will always excite attention, whether seen in the imitative or the executive part of the art, independent of the subject on which it is employed. His choice has here fallen on one of universal character. We have formerly mentioned the Fables of *Æsop* as a field well calculated to display the talents of Mr. Landseer; and he has in this piece touched one of them to the life: though the subject is attended with a feeling of pain, not to say disgust, at the apparent torture of the suffering animal, and, like the gash in *Dominichino's Martyr*, the better it is painted the less we like it. The Kitten in the basket is quite a masterpiece.

170, &c. by the same Artist, are gems of art.  
11. Catching the Expression. *Edouard D. Leahy*. This is another subject in which animals are to make a part in the Drama of the piece; to which they give interest, and sustain their characters with great truth, but without offence to the spectator, who cannot fail to applaud a performance where so much skill is displayed. There is, however, a want of finish in parts, and the China jar is an ill-contrived accessory between the jars of a dog and cat.

110. Westminster Abbey, from the Broadway. *C. R. Stanley*. The Artist has given great interest to this local subject, by the admirable execution of every part, and the contrast of air tint which he has introduced, if indeed he has not carried it too far for the real distance of the objects from each other.

119. A View near the Town Hall, Guildford. *Chas. Deane*. Of a similar character with the performance of Mr. Stanley, but under an effect of a clear atmosphere, in which objects even in the distance may be made distinct. It is richly coloured, and pencilled with great freedom.

160. The Power of Music. *T. E. Good*. Cowper observes, that "wine itself, though a man be guilty of habitual intoxication, does not more debauch and befool the natural understanding than music; always music." This picture, it may be presumed, is an exemplification of this remark; but we should have been better pleased to have seen the power of ridicule brought to bear on the vanity and affectation of youth, than to see the weakness and folly of age thus portrayed; even if examples could be found in real life, it were better to say nothing about it. The execution is of the same character with this Artist's former productions, light, and carefully painted; but we do not think the application of the same catching light can always be repeated with success.

† Beckenham Church, by the same Artist, is no less excellent in its pleasing variety of the picturesque.

#### LIBER VERITATIS.

We last week slightly mentioned, under this title, a matter of great interest to those who take delight in the Fine Arts, namely, the discovery in Spain and preservation in Eng-

land, of a numerous collection of coloured Drawings by Claude Lorraine. As the origin of the term *Liber Veritatis* may not be generally understood, we will state that the late Mr. Bryan says it in his Dictionary of Painters. "He (Claude) was accustomed to preserve in a book the drawings of the different subjects he painted, for the purpose of ascertaining the pictures he had painted for those by whom he was commissioned, and of detecting the impositions of his contemporaries, by whom his works were copied or imitated. Of these registers, which he called his *Libri di Verità*, six remained at his death. One of them, containing two hundred drawings, is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. They have been admirably engraved in the style of the originals by Mr. Earlom." This work, when published by Boydell, was given to the world under the name of the *Liber Veritatis*: separate pieces by Claude have been etched by Woollet, Vivares, &c., and especially by Arthur Pond, which Bryan does not notice. Earlom's first engravings were merely outlines; but he afterwards filled them up with mezzotinto, so as to afford a more complete idea of the master. A copy of the outlines is worth (now) from sixty to a hundred guineas.

Not having an opportunity of seeing the new prize, we can only speak from report of its curious history and extraordinary merits. The collection was found by Mr. ---, the under librarian to Lord Holland, while on the look-out for scarce books; and obtained by him at a mere trifle of expense (a few shillings.) On returning to London he soon learnt that his Drawings were of greater pecuniary value than all the learning he had hunted up. First: one print-dealer offered him 500*l.* for them; and others anxiously sought him to bid double that sum. But at last Mr. Payne Knight having heard of the existence of the book, and being already the possessor of many exquisite drawings by Claude, he with all the ardour of an amateur found out the fortunate proprietor, and for 1600*l.* made himself master of these additional treasures. By many they are valued at 5000*l.*; but they are, in reality, above all price.

We are informed that there are about one hundred and thirty Drawings (Mr. K. had before about half as many,) and that they are exquisitely finished in sepia. From what we hear, we are induced to think that these do not form one of the *Libri di Verità*. They are quite of a different character from the Duke of Devonshire's work, which consists of sketches of or for pictures, while these are executed with great care and very highly wrought. The subjects are grand and beautiful. Perhaps, as this country boasts a great number of the best as well as other Claudes, and many disputed pictures, the collection may throw much light on the question of authenticity; a difficult question when we consider the variety of styles in which such an artist, so educated and so followed, painted during a laborious practice of upwards of half a century.

#### LEEDS SOCIETY.

We have great pleasure in announcing to our readers, on the authority of our Leeds Correspondent, that the Northern Society, whose Exhibition of the Works of living British Artists was so successful last season, will, at the beginning of May next, open their Gallery with a display of Pictures by the Old Masters and deceased British Artists.

#### EUPHONON.

A new Musical Instrument has been constructed on a patent obtained by Mr. W. Pinnock, of the Strand, which produces very delightful music, and appears to us to combine several requisites hitherto unattained by similar inventions. It resembles the piano-forte in form and mode of playing, but its sweet and powerful sounds are continued as in the organ: it might indeed be called an Organized Piano-forte. In Scottish music the effect is peculiarly characteristic; but in general it is susceptible of great expression, even under the hand of the inexperienced player. We recommend this Euphonor to the notice of the musical world and of the lovers of music, as differing from and excelling the Continental inventions which have been exhibited in London.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### SIGNS OF RAIN;

An Excuse for not accepting the Invitation of a Friend to make an Excursion with him.

An Original Poem, by the late Dr. Jenner.

1. The hollow winds begin to blow;
2. The clouds look black, the glass is low;
3. The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
4. And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
5. Last night the sun went pale to bed,
6. The moon in halos hid her head;
7. The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
8. For, see, a rainbow spans the sky.
9. The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
10. Clos'd is the pink-ey'd pimpernell.
11. Hark! how the chairs and tables crack,
12. Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
13. Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry;
14. The distant hills are looking sigh.
15. How restless are the snorting swine,
16. The busy flies disturb the kine;
17. Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
18. The cricket, too, how sharp he sings;
19. Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
20. Sits, wiping o'er her whisker'd jaws.
21. Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
22. And nimbly catch th' incautious flies;
23. The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
24. Illum'd the dewy dell last night.
25. At dusk the squalid road was seen,
26. Hopping and crawling o'er the green;
27. The whirling wind the dust obeys,
28. And in the rapid eddy plays;
29. The frog has chang'd his yellow vest,
30. And in a russet coat is dress'd.
31. Though June, the air is cold and still;
32. The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
33. My dog, so alter'd in his taste,
34. Quits mutton-bones, on grass to feast;
35. And see, yon rooks, how odd their flight,
36. They imitate the gliding kite,
37. And seem precipitate to fall—
38. As if they felt the piercing ball.
39. 'Twill surely rain, I see, with sorrow;
40. Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

#### THE QUARREL OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

When Love and Hymen both were boys,  
They fix'd a day of smiling weather,  
To show each other all their toys,  
And pass an afternoon together.  
To Hymen's bower young Cupid came,  
And each with each was quick delighted:  
Love shot his darts of surest aim,  
And Hymen's brightest torch was lighted.  
But Hymen soon, capricious elf,  
(Now Hymen's but a peevish fellow,)  
Told Love, he wished the bow himself,  
And then began to pout and bellow.  
Love gave his friend the weapon strait,  
(Young Love is such a cheerful fellow!)  
And thus, for Hymen's torch of state,  
Changed his best bow and fullest quiver.



While each his proper arms possess,  
Men neither could nor would resist 'em;  
For Hymen's fires inflamed their breast,  
And Cupid's arrows seldom missed 'em.  
But, changing thus their arms about,  
The boys became perplexed and stupid;  
Love puts the torch of Hymen out,  
While Hymen blunts the shafts of Cupid.  
Twas this dissolved their union sweet,  
And broke Affection's firmest tether:  
So now if Love and Hymen meet,  
They seldom sojourn long together.

## STANZAS.

O breathe that tender word again,  
That bids my bosom cease its fright;  
O say, thou lov'st me still, and then  
My darkest fears shall wing their flight—  
As fly before the dreamer's ken  
The fleet and fading forms of night.  
I will not say that I have knelt  
A vot'ry at Affection's shrine;  
I will not boast that I have felt  
Some portion of that flame divine;  
Nor tell thee how this heart would melt  
At simplest thoughts of thee and thine.  
I will not dream of aught so vain;  
I will but ask thee, turn and view  
This wasted form, this cheek of pain,  
This pale brow blanched to sorrow's hue,  
These faded looks, and eyes that rain  
With tears that only fall for you.  
Brighton. G. F. R.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.



ROSSINI.

AY there he is, "Il Maestro" himself, "in his habit as he lived." As all Britain wants to know something of this Musical Phenomenon, why should not the readers of the Literary Gazette and Journal of Fine Arts in the provinces and colonies, have a visible representation of his features and fashion? Why should not they indeed, said an amateur friend of ours; and so he handed us a Sketch of Il Maestro, as he appears to his morning levee, in green velvet cap and loose habit, or undress. It is a characteristic hit; for Il Maestro is more like a John Bull Beef-eater than a meagre and sallow Italian scraper on the violin. There is, in fact, an air of truth about it which all the published prints want.\*

\* We have just seen in the Print shops a full face of Rossini, by Pistrucci (the Improvisatore, but also an artist,) which is very like this Sketch, and gives a similar idea of his countenance, as being of a heavy cast. This is the best resemblance we have seen.

Thus accoutred,

A night-cap decks his head instead of bay—he receives the daily homage of the crowd of musical professors, artists, projectors, composers, teachers, flatterers, idlers, &c. &c. &c. who commonly swell the train of a Great Man. The cap, it is true, has seen better days, and nights too; but it is a mark of genius to be negligent, and Rossini is as slovenly (in the forenoon) as any English or foreign Genius could desire to be. And the cap is, after all, a striking appendage, and might be valued above all cost by true connoisseurs, as having had as much music written under it as ever poetry was written by Pope under his willow.

Showing the man himself: we will not waste all our tediousness on the gossip concerning him and the Opera. He has not yet created so strong a sensation as was expected; and, perhaps, has felt disposed to think our natives as cold as our climate. But Zelmira could not excite. We wait for the New Opera: he is, according to his Engagement, to compose One, and thereby earn his 2500*l.* for three months. Nor will the Managers be any losers by this; for we are informed they have already been offered 2000*l.* for the Score of the Opera, thus leaving only a charge of 500*l.* upon the concern for importing the famous Rossini.

It is confidently reported (says our Paris Correspondent) that Rossini has been appointed Director of our Italian Theatre, and that he has accepted the office. *L'Orphée de Pesaro* is to have a salary of 40,000 francs, and the copyright of four new works, which he engages to compose and bring out every year, but on the express condition, to which it is said he adheres, to compose no Opera but for the Italian Theatre of Paris.

It has been said about town that Rossini asked ten guineas per lesson for instructions in singing; but the fact is not so—he has no pupils; and if he had would not charge more than his brethren, whose prices, by the way, are so enormous and scandalous as almost to destroy the profession, while it enables a dozen of unconscionable fellows to roll in wealth and offensive luxury. Rossini could not have much time to teach; and it is probable he will make more by his talent in writing for the Concerts, or Miscellaneous Pieces for publication.†

† It is as well to put our memoranda of the Opera itself at the tail of this chit-chat. Catalani's engagement for six weeks, is to take half the receipts of the House. These rarely amount to 500*l.*; so that, allowing her to receive from 150*l.* to 250*l.* per night, it is not more than she might expect in certain salary. Il Barbieri di Siviglia, is the Opera of to-night, in which Benetti will make his debut: his Italian friends praise him highly. Vestris, too, has the leading female part; but the music must be altered to suit her voice, for she has not (fine as it is) those qualities which the original Score demands. It is worth remarking, that the Management do not seem to make use of their strength. Several of their most popular performers are unemployed, while they trust to single attractions, instead of combining what they really possess to entice the public patronage.

## NOVELTIES! NOVELTIES!

MR. EDITOR.—I expected at the epocha of the New Year, or at least at your No. 365, when you were a year old of days in weeks, that some Good or even Evil Genius might have put it in your head to throw a glance backward over your career, and tell us, at a Parthian view, of the wonders which had happened since you set out on the selfish principle of taking care of Number One. But the same principle, I fear, still predominates, and you are occupied in looking before

instead of behind you; therefore, I pray, let me be your inverted reverted telescope, while I try to discern and recall a few of the novelties—novelties of these times.

Since you commenced your course, Mr. Editor, Safety Coaches have commenced theirs—on the principle of never upsetting. I saw one overturned a short while ago in Regent Street, but the passengers on the top were safely thrown into the mud, and the inside passengers escaped safely out of the window which lay uppermost; thus demonstrating the excellency of the invention, and the impossibility of being hurt when travelling by so secure a vehicle.—N.B. The street was not Macadamized at that period, or it would have afforded a still stronger demonstration, among the rough and angular stones with which it is now piled.

Coaches to run without horses have also been invented. A multitude of grooms being thus thrown out of bread, Mr. Malthus proposes an Act of Parliament to prevent a proportionate number of pseudo bride-grooms from assuming that character. The horses released by this arrangement have been engaged to perform the principal parts at the National Theatres.

Lighting by Gas has become general; and several Expeditions have been sent to the polar regions to communicate this welcome intelligence to the whales. The holiday of Candlemas is about to be abolished in consequence; and a new holiday, to be called Gasmas, instituted in lieu thereof, on the shortest day.

Bridges, instead of being arched on solid piers, had come to be hung in chains, just before they were rendered utterly unnecessary by the invention of the art of walking on the water at the rate of three miles and a half an hour.

The legislative and judicial functions of the Commonwealth have been liberally undertaken by the erudite and prodigiously-gifted Editors of a certain number of newspapers; who dispose of all political questions, try all crimes, condemn or acquit all prisoners, superintend and regulate the police; and, in fine, order the entire foreign relations of the state and domestic economy of persons and families, without fee or reward,—and owing to which regime the nation has notoriously prospered beyond precedent.

The age of Miracles has revived. Prince Hohenlohe, the representative, some say the lineal descendant, of Joanna Southcote, by Brothers the prophet, restores the dumb to speech, the cripple to soundness, the sick to health, and the half-dead to life, by muttering incantations in a Chapel in Germany. Notwithstanding this, a majority of sensible people contumaciously persist (according to circumstances) in being dumb, lame, sick, and even in dying.

A system of Education has been found out, by which children are taught three tongues in two lessons, just as easily as a magpie is taught to speak one language by splitting its tongue into two. By this method all the languages of the world, or in Adelung's Mithridates, may be acquired in six weeks.

Iron and Steam are calculated to be sufficient for all the wants of civilized life. All solid articles may be manufactured from the former, and all motion supplied by the latter. Iron rooms may be lighted through iron windows, and heated by hot steam generating itself in iron pipes. Steam Carriages transport themselves overland; and iron ships propelled

by steam are to sail to Calcutta, over the Isthmus of Suez, in about fifty-seven hours. High pressure and low prices is the grand secret on which the certain success in these schemes is founded.

The production of Novels and other literary works by steam is coming rapidly into fashion; and as soon as the principle can be applied to the propagation of the human species, steam authors and editors are to be appended to steam presses and engines.

The calculation of every imaginable question in Arithmetic is now executed by machinery. Square roots are worked by a round wheel, cubes discovered by a cylinder, and infinite forms by turning a screw with infinitely little trouble.

It is demonstrated that there are bumps on men's skulls, which cause their actions, govern their minds, influence their characters, and decide their destinies. This is called Phrenology; and hats and nightcaps are made on phrenological principles to fit the heads whose dimensions and organs are ascertained. Previously, that a bump raised by the blow of a stick caused stupidity or anger, according to its severity, was almost the extent of our human knowledge on this important subject; but it is now satisfactorily proven that the difference on a few lines of bone must make an individual a murderer or a philanthropist—a sage or a fool.

As the head is found to possess such unwarrantable powers, it is well that means should, at the same era, have been devised to deprive the stomach of its wonted capabilities. An engine is invented for pumping it out at the owner's pleasure; but I do not like to contemplate this matter any farther, and shall only add, that if you approve of this sample, you may hear again, with a chapter of Improvements still projected by

Your humble Servant, SQUAB PIE.

#### DRAMA.

##### COVENT GARDEN.

ON Friday evening, a new Farce, called *The Poachers*, was produced at this Theatre. It carries with it strong evidence of being a French Vaudeville clothed in an English dress, and divided into two unequal acts, the one being as much too short as the other is too long. The incidents are more improbable than we are accustomed to meet with even in the most extravagant pieces. A brother is introduced at the castle of his sister, without being in the slightest degree disguised as to personal appearance, and yet is never once recognised by her; and as a match to this improbable occurrence, a sister is placed in precisely the same situation with the lady's husband, and the absurdity carried still further by his making violent love to her. This penetrating couple and their two relatives, with an old poacher and his pretty wife, make up the whole of the dramatic personæ. The first Act serves merely for the introduction of the characters; and in the second they are placed in situations something similar to the Farce of *Husbands and Wives*, and the underplot of *Philandering*. From this slight sketch it will be easily perceived that intrigue is the order of the day, and that many of the scenes, from not being skillfully managed, are fraught with peril to the success of the piece. Of the dialogue we are compelled to speak in terms of great disapprobation. If the comedies of Congreve and Farquhar, sparkling with wit and abounding with the most amus-

ing descriptions of life, are driven from the Stage on account of the licentiousness with which in some places they are defiled, we can see no reason why our contemporaries should have more indulgence shown them, who have not one twentieth part of the redeeming qualities of these authors, and whose attempts to create a laugh arise from circumstances and observations which certainly at the present day would not be tolerated in decent society. Farce-writers, we know, are privileged persons, and are not, generally speaking, too rigidly amenable to the laws of criticism or strict morality; but there is a certain point, beyond which even they should not venture; and we trust that the marked disapprobation with which many of the allusions were received on this occasion, will teach the author, whoever he may be, to avoid so dangerous a path for the future, and apply himself to some theme less objectionable and more worthy the powers of his mind. The performers, particularly Jones and Blanchard, played with the greatest spirit. It may perhaps be rather late in the day to speak of the latter gentleman as an improving actor; but we must nevertheless say that he exhibited a richer vein of humour in the Sleeping Scene than we have ever seen before, or than we imagined he possessed. The Ladies, with the exception of Mrs. Chatterley, had but little to do; she, however, was continually upon the Stage, sometimes as a woman in man's clothes, and at others as a man in woman's clothes. Her sex indeed was for a long time doubtful; but we were happy to find that it was at last settled decisively, and to the apparent satisfaction of all parties. Miss Love had but a poor part,—she was the youthful wife of the old Poacher; and the best joke that was put into her mouth was that of “likening her husband's face to an oil paper lantern, and his nose to the candle in the middle of it.” There was some opposition at the fall of the curtain; but it has since been repeated with better success.

If it be true, as the biographer of Rossini has asserted, “that the more a people are impassioned, and the less they have of reflection and habitual reason, the fonder they will be of music,” then we fear that we must shortly give up the sober, steady, and prudential character by which Englishmen have been so long distinguished, and rest content with being considered as frivolous, as thoughtless, and as impassioned as we have been accustomed to regard our Continental neighbours. To this train of thought we are led by the progress that the science of Music seems lately to have made amongst us. Formerly, Opera took its turn with Tragedy and Comedy, and we had a tolerably equal proportion of each of them; but now, Comedy has altogether deserted us—Tragedy visits us but rarely,— whilst Opera follows Opera at both our Theatres in an apparently rapid and endless succession. On Tuesday we were favoured with a production of this nature, under the title of *Notice Land, or the Return from Slavery*, which was performed under more favourable auspices, and experienced a better reception than any piece we have seen for the last three or four years. The story, which is extremely simple, is as follows: Aurelio di Montalto, a noble Genoese, by some accident or other falls into the hands of the Turks, and is doomed to slavery. At his departure from his native city he leaves behind him a guardian (Giuseppo,) who is likewise his next heir, and a mistress (Clymante),

the former of whom contrives to intercept all the letters that may arrive from him,—represents to her the probability of his having died in bondage, and persuades her to fulfil her father's wishes, who had bequeathed her his large property upon the express condition that she should marry within a twelve-month from the time of his decease. At this precise period, however, Tancredi, a sea captain, returns from Tunis with a number of ransomed slaves on board his ship, among whom is Aurelio, who not having heard from his mistress for four years, to be assured of her real situation, assumes a disguise, and is introduced to her as the friend and fellow prisoner of her betrothed and long-lost lover. Clymante, in the mean time, still cherishing a hope of his safety, and anxious to preserve her patrimony, sends for her cousin Biondina, a sprightly girl, who, putting on the male attire, calls herself by the name of Celio, and passes for her most favoured admirer. “The green-eyed monster” now takes possession of Aurelio's mind. He watches all their proceedings, causes himself an infinite deal of uneasiness, and satisfied, as he thinks, of the infidelity of his mistress, resolves to revenge himself upon his rival, and abjure the world for ever, till at last, in a conversation between himself and Tancredi, the secret is overheard by Biondina. The joyful news is conveyed to her fair cousin, who, to punish him for his want of confidence, fixes the day of marriage with the supposed Celio; and, not until she has given him a long and severe lecture, does she unravel the mystery, explain satisfactorily all that has passed, and receive him to her arms as her affianced husband. There is, likewise, a sort of episode arising from the situation of the two servants Peregrino and Zanina, in which the incident that Colman has so successfully employed in one of his farces, of a husband returning from the wars with the apparent loss of his limbs, to observe what effect it would have upon his wife's constancy, is pretty nearly copied; and Aurelio has a sister, Lavinia, who is in love with, and finally married to, Marcello. With these materials the author, who appears to have a perfect knowledge of stage effect, has constructed a very pleasing Opera. There is just sufficient interest to keep the attention constantly alive without engaging it too deeply. The comic scenes, which are very well worked up, serve to relieve the serious ones; and the music and scenery, which are both of them of the very first description, fill up the intervals, and complete the excellence and finish of the whole. Of the performers, one and all, it gives us pleasure to speak in terms of the most unqualified praise. Miss Tree, Miss Paton, and Miss Love, literally vie with each other who should be the most captivating and the most amusing. Sinclair, as the mysterious hero of the piece, was in fine voice. His songs were all of them well adapted to his unrivalled powers, and we congratulate him upon having, at last, a part much better fitted to him, and more worthy of his abilities, than any he has appeared in during the present season. Farren, in the roughish Old Senator, made the most of a character for which the author has done but little, and played with his accustomed talent. There is indeed a great charm in this gentleman's acting. Whatever he may undertake, he is always in earnest, and never does he for an instant depart from consistency

† Whispered to be Mr. Dimond.

and propriety. Fawcett, in the servant, was highly entertaining; and Cooper, as the sea captain, wore a most picturesque dress, and gave a consequence to the part which, in less able hands, it would not have assumed.

**CONCERTS.**—Nine Vocal Concerts at the Argyle Rooms are advertised under the patronage of His Majesty. Bellamy, Braham, Hawes, Mori, and T. Welsh, are the prominent leaders; but many other distinguished singers, such as Salmon, Stephens, Vaughan, W. Knyvett, Sapio, Sale, Terrail, Ambrogetti, besides instrumental performers, are engaged.

#### POLITICS.

"DEATH's shafts fly thick"—the whole news of the week consists of an Obituary. There have died Cardinal Gonsalvi; the widow of Prince Charles Stuart (aged 72, at Florence); the famous Marshal Wrede; Sir Thos. Maitland; Sir F. Flood; and Sir Henry Bate Dudley. The latter was long a public writer, and author of several successful Dramas.

#### VARIETIES.

This is the age for monuments. The good folks of Glasgow propose to erect a doric column, surmounted by a statue, in their Fir Park, to commemorate John Knox the reformer. The fund to be raised by public subscription.

Mr. Colman has been appointed Licensor of Plays, vice Larpet deceased.

The Academy of the Fine Arts at Paris has lately elected the six following foreign associates, viz. Messrs. Alvares, sculptor; Lunghi, engraver; Rossini, musical composer; Schinckel, architect; Thorwaldsen, sculptor; and Zingarelli, musical composer.

Talma is about to appear in two characters in one tragedy; the first finishes with the second, and the last begins in the third act. This is, at least, a novelty to provoke curiosity.

**The Melodious Firescreen.**—Among the little presents which have been interchanged among friends in Paris during the Christmas holidays, the Melodious Firescreen has been a great favourite. Every one of these screens is a little repository, consisting of a number of musical pieces, which present themselves to you in succession as you sit by your fireside. Music has furnished the idea of another toy of a similar character, called the Grotesque Musicians: It consists of a collection of moving figures, representing musical amateurs, and admirably caricatures all their airs and gestures.

**French Population.**—In the five years from 1817 to 1821 inclusive, the population of France increased nine hundred and forty-nine thousand four hundred and four souls.

**Bees.**—The Rev. Mr. Dunbar has, by a series of experiments in Scotland, ascertained, that when a queen bee is wanting for a hive, her Majesty can be, and is produced from the egg of a working bee. In one experiment, having removed the queen, the bees set about constructing royal cells, and placing common larvae in them; in seven days two queens were formed. One of these killed the other, and, though while in a virgin state treated with no distinction whatever, she no sooner began to lay, than she became the object of constant solicitude and respect to crowds of her admiring subjects, who watched, fed, and waited upon her.

Mr. Mawe has recently returned from a geological tour in Italy. We understand his

attention has been directed to the soil on which the finest grapes were grown, with a view of ameliorating the cultivation and flavour of that delicious fruit in our hot-houses.

**James's Powder**, on analysis, is found to consist of peroxide of antimony 56.0, phosphate of lime 42.2, and oxide of antimony, impurity (and loss) 1.8.

The following anecdote of the sagacity of an Ass, and the attachment displayed by the animal to his master, may help in some degree to redeem that ill-used race from a portion of the load of stupidity which is generally assigned to them, and which, with so many other loads, they bear with such exemplary patience. Thomas Brown, residing near Hawick, travels the country as a Higgler, having an ass the partner of his trade. From suffering under a paralytic affection, he is in the habit of assisting himself on the road by keeping hold of the crupper of the saddle, or more frequently the tail of the ass. During a recent severe winter, whilst on one of his journeys near Rule Water, "the old man and his ass" were suddenly plunged into a wreath of snow. There they lay long, far from help, and ready to perish,—at length the poor ass, after a severe struggle, got out, but finding his unfortunate master absent, he eyed the wreath for some time, with a wistful look, and at last forced his way through it to where his master still lay, when, placing his body in such a position as to afford a firm grasp of the tail, the honest Higgler was thereby enabled to take his accustomed hold, and was actually dragged out by the faithful beast to a place of safety.—*Kelso Mail.*

**French Dramatic Review of 1823.**—Two hundred and nine new pieces compose this budget; and be it observed that the *Panorama Dramatique*, which used to furnish its fair share, suddenly closed in the month of July. It is true that a great number of these productions are already laid on the shelf. Of 360 living dramatic authors (including the contingent of the departments) whom France has had the happiness to possess, the works of 161 were represented at Paris in 1823; only 151 enjoyed that benefit in the preceding year, and 129 in 1821. It appears therefore that in time there will be enough of them for the whole world.

Of the 209 novelties, 36 were performed by the indefatigables of the Gymnase; the Vaudeville had 33; the Variétés stopped at 24. Thou sleepest, Brunet!

The mania for *arrangemens* has diminished this year. In 1822, among the pieces called novelties, about forty *arrangés* might be reckoned. The imagination of our authors has been much less idle in 1823.

Seven tragedies and sixteen comedies, of which only three were in five acts, have appeared in our two Théâtres-Français. To make amends we have seen 163 vaudevilles hatched in these 365 days, that is, almost half a one every evening; leaving altogether out of the question the Spectacle of M. Comte, M. Seveste's theatres, &c.

The most brilliant success, in the high class, has been that of l'Ecole des Vieillards, Pierre de Portugal, la Neige, les Deux Cousines, and the ballet of Cendrillon; at the secondary theatres, Julien, l'Intérieur d'un Bureau, l'Heritière, les Cuisinieres, les Griottes, Polichinelle Vampire, la Fausse Clé, and l'Auberge des Adrets.

The most striking failures have been those

of l'Homme aux Scrupules, l'Intrigue au Chateau, la Fille du Commissaire, M. Raymond, le Major, la Folle des Alpes, and Adèle.

M. Scribe's fertility has increased this year. In 1822, 16 of his pieces were performed, and 17 in 1821. This year he has produced 18 works, one in four acts; and only one (le Bourgeois de la rue Saint Denis) has failed. M. Carmonche, to whom belongs the accessit, is not much behindhand. He has produced no less than 17 vaudevilles in the course of the year. By M. Armand-Dartois there have been only 13: by M. Francis, 10; by Messrs. Frederic de Courcy and Brazier, nine each; Messrs. Desangiers, Mélesville, Henri Dupin, and Théaulon, have reached only to their eighth. We do not reckon the Prussian operas of the last.

#### Levels in London above the highest High Water Mark.—(From Parliamentary Reports:—)

	P.	F.
North End of Northumberland Street, Strand	19	7
North of Wellington Street, Strand	35	0
North of Essex Street, Strand	27	0
West of Coventry Street	59	0
South of St. James's Street	13	3
South of Air Street, Piccadilly	49	0
North of St. James's Street	45	7
West of Gerard Street	61	4
North of Drury Lane	65	0
South of Berners Street	74	3
South of Stratford Place	59	4
North of Regent Street	76	0
South of Orchard Street	70	4
North of Cleveland Street	80	10
Centre of Regent's Circus	77	2
North of Gloucester Place	72	3
N. side of Aqueduct crossing Regent's Canal	102	0
Opposite S. End of King St., Gr. George Str.	5	6
The whole of Westminster, except the Abbey and part of Horsecherry Road, is below the Level of the highest Tide.		

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

There is, perhaps, no publication, no new venture to say, from the pen of Mr. Thomas Moore, Memoirs of Captain Rock, the celebrated Irish chieftain, with some Account of his Ancestors; written by himself. Mrs. Graham (relict of the late Capt. Graham, R.N.) has two distinct volumes in a forward state for publication, relating respectively to Brazil and Chile, and the revolutions in those countries.

We understand that a new translation of Josephus, the Jewish historian, has lately been undertaken by a Clergyman of the established Church. A classical version of this unique and celebrated writer has long been a desideratum in English literature; and if the gentleman above alluded to succeed in his arduous enterprise, he will confer no mean obligation to his language and country.

Sir John Malcolm's Memoir of Central India is about to appear in the French tongue. The French critics are a little spleenetic about the original; and talk of John Company's devouring twenty kingdoms, and of merchants supporting dethroned princes and paying punctually the pensions of kings.

Mr. Prior has, in the press, A Memoir of the Life and Character of the Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke, with an Estimate of his Genius and Talents, compared with those of his great Contemporaries.

M. Lemerrier, of the French Institute, has published a poem in four Cantos, entitled *Moses*; it is described as possessing considerable epic dignity.

It is reported at Brussels, that the Memoirs left by Carnot, embracing the period from 1790 to the second fall of Buonaparte, after the battle of Waterloo, are likely to be published in London. We do not understand, however, that they are yet in the hands of any of our booksellers.

"Queen Hynde," an epic poem, by James Hogg, author of the "Queen's Wake," "Poetic Mirror," "Pilgrims of the Sun," &c. &c. is preparing in 8vo. and forthcoming in May.

Preparing for publication, a German Grammar, on a new and easy plan, particularly adapted to the use of the English Student; by J. Howboshan, Master of the Classical Academy, Walworth.

An Imperial folio, with numerous Engravings by able artists, from Drawings by Mr. Dewint, and entitled Olympia. It is a Topography, illustrative of the actual State of Olympia and the Ruins of the City of Elis, by Mr. J. S. Stanhope.

#### LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Danell's Voyage Round Great Britain, Vol. 7, fo. 7. 10s. Cole on the Zodiac of Tentyra, 8vo. 6s. Williams' Views in Greece, N. 4. Imperial 8vo. 12s. 1 royal 4to.





## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

**Church Property.**—Price 2s. 6d.  
**A LETTER TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,** on the Subject of the CHURCH PROPERTY.  
 By A CLERGYMAN.  
 London: Published by Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy.

**VOYAGE ROUND GREAT BRITAIN.**  
 By WILLIAM DANIELL, R.A.  
 Vol. VII. including the range of Coast from the Nore to Weymouth.

The Survey from Weymouth to the Land's End having been executed last summer, the 8th volume, forming the completion of the work, will be finished in the course of the present year.  
 Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green, Paternoster-row; and Wm. Daniell, 4, Cleveland-st. Fitzroy-sq.

**Conversations on Chemistry.**—9th edit. revised and improved in 9 vols. 12mo. with Plates by Lowry, 14s. boards.  
**CONVERSATIONS ON CHEMISTRY.**  
 In which the Elements of that Science are familiarly explained and illustrated by Experiments.  
 Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author,  
**Conversations on Natural Philosophy.** 3d edit.  
 10s. 6d. boards. By J. H. MUIR, Collector of Excise.

**Conversations on Political Economy.** 4th edit.  
 12mo. 9s. boards.

A new Edition, in 1 thick vol. 8vo. price 11s. 6d. boards.  
**AN ABRIDGMENT OF ALL THE STATUTES NOW IN FORCE** relative to the Revenue of EXCISE in Great Britain, methodically arranged and alphabetically digested. The 4th edit. revised. By JAMES HUIE, Collector of Excise.  
 Printed for Archibald Constable & Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, & Co. 56, Chesapeake, and 8, Pall-Mall, London.  
 "The book has now been twenty-six years before the Public; and I have again to acknowledge with the greatest respect, the sense that has been expressed of its usefulness by the most eminent characters in the Law, as in the Revenue, and by the most respectable manufacturers and merchants."—*Author's Preface.*

**GEOGRAPHY FOR YOUTH;** adapted to the different Classes of Learners.  
 By the late Rev. JOHN HARTLEY. Revised by his Son.

This Work is constructed upon a plan entirely new, and comprises a great mass of information, compressed into a narrow compass, and stated in a way eminently calculated to rivet it in the memory of the learner. Observations are occasionally added, for the use of more advanced pupils; and questions for examination are placed at the foot of each page.  
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